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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

A QUARTERLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT THINKER

VOL. 14 — *Autumn* • 1945 — NO. 4

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"The Gay Science" — *Howard Mumford Jones*
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— Emerson

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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

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Some Reflections on Othello *and the Nature of Our Time*

IT WAS deeply fascinating to watch how strikingly contemporary American audiences from coast to coast found Shakespeare's *Othello* — painfully immediate in its unfolding of evil, innocence, passion, dignity and nobility, and contemporary in its overtones of a clash of cultures, of the partial acceptance of and consequent effect upon one of a minority group. Against this background the jealousy of the protagonist becomes more credible, the blows to his pride more understandable, the final collapse of his personal, individual world more inevitable. But beyond the personal tragedy, the terrible agony of Othello, the irretrievability of his world, the complete destruction of all trusted and sacred values — all these suggest the shattering of a universe.

To an actor the question arose: how make personal and convincing such lines as "When I love thee not chaos is come again," "Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe should yawn at alteration," or, "It is the very error of the moon — she comes more nearer earth than she was wont and makes men mad." The desired approach was suggested by Professor Theodore Spencer in his most illuminating *Shakespeare and the Nature of Man*. For in actual fact Othello's world was breaking asunder. Medievalism was ending, and the new world of the Renaissance beginning.

So now, interestingly enough, we stand at the end of one period in human history and before the entrance of a new. All our tenets and tried beliefs are challenged.

We have been engaged in a global war, a war in which the ca-

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pacity of *our* productive processes and techniques have clearly presaged the realization of new productive relationships in our society — new conceptions and assumptions of political power, with all sections of the people claiming a place in the social order. And what a vista lies before us!

This can be the final war. It is possible to solve once and for all the problem of human poverty, to attain a speedy freedom and equality for all peoples.

In this shaping of our new world and amid its consequent clashes and sharp struggles, where should we stand? What should be our domestic direction? What should be our policy toward the England of Churchill or of British labor, toward France, Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia, China, Africa, the Near East, Spain, Latin America (especially the Argentine), and most importantly, toward the Soviet Union?

A tremendous responsibility to understand these problems rests upon every American. Certainly our influence must be upon the side of progress, not reaction; upon the side of the freedom-loving peoples and the forces of true liberation everywhere — peoples and forces expressing their wills in various democratic forms, liberal, cooperative, and socialist.

An added responsibility rests upon the liberal intellectual — the scientist, the member of the professions, the scholar, the artist. They have an unparalleled opportunity to lead and to serve. But to fulfill our deep obligations to society we must have faith in the whole people, in their potential and realized abilities. This faith, in our new world of today, must include the complete acceptance of the assumption of positions of great power by true representatives of the whole people, the emergence into full bloom of the last estate, the vision of no high and no low, no superior and no inferior — but equals, assigned to different tasks in the building of a new and richer human society.

Paul Robeson

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"The Gay Science"

Howard Mumford Jones

IT IS my pleasant duty as president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences to say how heartily welcome is the American Council of Learned Societies to Boston and to such hospitality as this ancient academy can offer you. That you *are* heartily welcome has been clear, I trust, long before this dinner. If our entertainment has been somewhat limited by the war and by the modesty of our own resources, let us recall with Thomas à Kempis in the *Imitation of Christ:* "My son, patience and humility under adversity please Me more than much consolation and devotion in prosperity." If we cannot offer you the celebrated oysters of our elder sister in Philadelphia, we recall without envy that, lacking Benjamin Franklin, there might have been no American Philosophical Society, and that Benjamin, born in Boston and foreseeing with the prescience of genius that there would be plenty of learning in the Bay State even if he left it, went forth, an apostle to the Philadelphians, to bear the light of learning *in partibus infidelium.*

It so happens I am on academic leave just now. But my sabbatical is restricted through domestic circumstances to Harvard University, where I have eaten fern-seed and walk invisible. That is to say, like a zombie I live and move and have my being in an academic community in which I do not actively live and which will not officially recognize that I exist until the end of the next term. To rub elbows with one's colleagues and not to know the latest turn in educational events, to respond to stu-

© HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, Harvard University, is president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

This article was an address delivered before the American Council of Learned Societies on the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary, Boston, Massachusetts, January 26, 1945.

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dents that you are not in residence when you stand visibly before them, is an odd experience; but it has at least one rich advantage — namely, that you can see the world of learning for a fleeting moment under the aspect of eternity, derive some hints concerning its real significance, and estimate its possible trends. In response to the request of your officials that I shall speak, though briefly, of these high matters, let me use my time in making certain observations about the immediate future of the learned world.

This is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the American Council of Learned Societies and one of the canonical hours for an inventory. It is sufficient comment on the Council that one learns with something of a shock it is only twenty-five years young. The Council is one of those institutions which have an air of having always existed, and you are now taken for granted like the Constitution and the income tax. Moreover, the great blessing of the Council has been that it has thrown its influence in the direction of cooperative enterprise wherever it could. The occupational weakness of the learned world, in contrast to the scientific world and to the world of the social sciences, has been to insist upon an unnecessary amount of rugged individualism in a period when cooperative research in these other areas daily proves how much more many minds can accomplish than can one mind. There will always be, of course, those who work best alone, but I think it true that in all fields the best type of investigation is coming more and more to be some form of common enterprise. Until the American Council, itself a cooperative body, began to encourage such enterprises, scholarly investigation tended to lag behind the advances made by research workers in other fields.

Throughout the ages the plaint of the scholar has been that nobody would take him at his own valuation — not even another scholar. He says the same thing today. We cannot take him literally. We cannot truthfully describe the United States as a nation which, supporting learned enterprises upon a lavish scale, lacks an appreciation of humanistic endeavor. Nevertheless, it is commonly remarked of us that we are a nation which honors an Edison above a McMaster and finds the labor of a Jane Ad-

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dams more comprehensible than the labor of a James Wilson Bright. The ACLS has steadily resisted pressures to do that which is of merely sociological viability, and in so doing has immensely strengthened the position of scholarship in the land. Conserving the works of the learned in our own country, we shall therefore be in a position at the end of the war to assist the re-creation of European and Asiatic scholarship. I need not praise the priceless aid offered by the United States through such bodies as the ACLS in saving the treasures of European libraries and museums and in assisting refugee scholars to survive the storm. To have organized investigation on a national basis — and I used the word "organized" as a word of praise, despite H. G. Wells's statement that organized thought is dead thought — to have organized and regularized investigation, to have preserved knowledge and to have extended aid to those who were in distress and to those who were in debt and even to those who were discontented: these are monumental achievements, upon which, after a quarter-century of terrific social upheaval, you have every right to look back with pride.

But the penalty of having done well is to be expected to do better; the reward of virtue is dissatisfaction; the only use of knowledge is to get rid of it; and the only enduring life of scholarship is perpetually to surpass and therefore to destroy what it has done. As with Talleyrand under the Terror, it may momentarily seem enough to say that during these horrifying decades we survived. But few among us, I suspect, will be satisfied with this negative accounting. We peer into the future, where, though terror may decrease, problems multiply. Of scholarship, as soon as it is printed, we may say with Emerson, "Now the words pale, are rhetoric, and all credence is gone." It is not only insufficient, it is impossible

> to pause, to make an end,
> To rest unburnished, not to shine in use.

What of learning tomorrow, and after the peace?

With great diffidence I should like to offer three observations concerning scholarship in the years that lie waiting before. The first of these is to inquire whether the nineteenth-century postu-

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lates of scholarly activity are not now outmoded. The great task of the nineteenth century was accumulation and codification. Never was such a heap of learned matter placed before mankind as in that great century, still cruelly misunderstood; and the classification and cataloguing of vast accumulations of lore still seem to many worthy souls the immediate task of cooperative scholarship. Hence these demands to finance dictionaries, biographical compilations, finding lists, and bibliographies; hence these pressures for the multiplication of rare documents and the duplication by offset of book and pamphlet; hence these studies of studies, the purpose of which is to create still more studies.

The Modern Language Association met last December for the first time in three years. I have taken the trouble to examine the group "projects" listed in the program. There are nine, and of these, five are bibliographies, two are dictionaries, one concerns cooperative editing, and one concerns the mechanics of transliteration. This great body met in fifty-one groups and five sections, but a large part of this extreme busyness concerned the implements of scholarship rather than its ends. The consequence is that the accumulation of lore is substituted for the advancement of learning. There were, of course, exceptional papers, honorable attempts to face the problem: what price literature in a world of terror? But even the most sympathetic observer could not feel that the customary ritual of this great body is quite in tune with the time.

Whence comes this inappropriateness except from the fallacy that as there is something called pure science, so there must also be something called pure scholarship; and that just as it is important to consider all the variants in determining how to classify a new species of fish, so by analogy it is equally "scientific" and necessary to consider all the variants of a text, a ballad, a word, an edition, an idea? In an earlier age — the age, if you please, of Cotton Mather, or, if you prefer, of James Wilson Bright — the public really respected the learned man, but the public has on the whole ceased to respect him and learned to respect that singular being, the "expert," whom the public is invited to stump once a week over the radio. This word, in its

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contemporary sense of one possessing special skill, came into the language only in the fifties of the last century; that interesting verb, "to expertize," is so new that even Sir William Craigie did not catch it in the vast net he flung out for the *Dictionary of American English*. And before we smile too much and say that the popular misconception of expertness is no concern of us who are truly learned, let us remember that if learning is not put to work in favor of right cultural values, the expert stands only too ready to substitute for us. And the fact that mediums of modern communication give him an opportunity (as in the case of Germany and its "expert" anthropologists) to influence public opinion as never before, sets apart this age from all its predecessors.

Now, as in no previous era, it seems to me, learning is required to create those merchants of light whom Francis Bacon and Professor Marjorie Nicolson have demanded. I suppose it has been easy to concern ourselves with the machinery of scholarship, because an interest in things mechanical is part of the proud American tradition, even in studies — so that our library cards, our microfilms, our finding lists are the wonders of the learned world. But if learning, whether expertized or not, is really going to guide American culture, I for one am deeply convinced that the immediate problem is that we shall learn how to communicate with the general public. So far, like the liberals, we mainly write at each other. There is something Alexandrian about our faith in dictionaries, bibliographies, and special articles. They do not solve the ancient query of Job: "But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?" The people rather humbly want wisdom and understanding; they support musicology and metaphysics, philology and philosophy, history and the humanities because they dimly hope that they or their children or their children's children shall be made better and wiser through learning. I am sorry to say that some scholars still cling to the bland assumption: "I am a savant; therefore society is under obligation to support me." But society is under no such obligation, and if learning refuses to simplify itself, if scholarship insists that its techniques are so important that it need not communicate simply and persuasively those humanistic values which

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it represents, society will turn elsewhere for guidance — to the church, to the social worker, to the politician, to the columnist, to the radio.

I have mentioned "humanistic values," and my second point concerns this famous phrase. This and kindred terms are, in one sense, very old. I find that "humanity" in the sense of polite scholarship entered the language in 1483; but if you will study the entries in the *New English Dictionary* a little you will be struck, as I was struck, by the fact that the significances we attach to "humanist," "humanities," "humanism" and "humanistic" are mostly inventions of the nineteenth century. Doubtless there is no other set of terms to designate those branches of knowledge which are not the exact sciences and which are not the social sciences, but I am enough of an amateur semanticist to believe that we have been bewitched by a word, and to regret the soft enchantment. The great body of classical literature, the study of which was once the study of "humanitas," comprised all of knowledge — not merely literature with Homer and Horace, history with Thucydides and Tacitus, and philosophy with Plato and Lucretius, but also political science and political economy, agriculture, law, mathematics, anthropology, the structure of language, and much else. Humanists who look down their noses at agricultural colleges should make Milton "On Education" their required reading each day after morning prayers, for "Here," says he, listing Cato, Varro and Columella, "will be an occasion of inciting and enabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their country, to recover the bad soil, and to remedy the waste that is made of good: for this was one of Hercules' praises."

I find no book on liberal education of recent date that seems to desire the praise given to Hercules, and my point is that unless learning is socially relevant, learning is, and remains, antiquarianism. Nor is this all. Whereas, when specialization set in, one by one the sciences and the social sciences departed from their aboriginal home, "humanitas" or the humanities continued, and continues, to retain among its disciples a false sense of wholeness or universality of experience, despite the fact that the humanities

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in modern times are but a fraction of man's total life. Hurt humanists stand on their dignity, wrap themselves in their historic cloaks, and talk as if they, and they alone, were the guardians of something mysterious called "value judgments." Sometimes, indeed, in their innocent arrogance they go further and present themselves as the only persons competent to pull the parts of learning together again, and make sense of the distribution requirements. I confess I find little in the history or the development of the humanities to justify these assumptions.

Scientists and social scientists are not unaware of value judgments. Scientists and social scientists have at least as much to tell us of the nature of man and society as do the representatives of the humanities. Perhaps they have more. Scientists and social scientists have learned to live together, to think together, and to work together in patterns of effective research which those in the humanities are only now struggling to learn. The encouraging fact about the American Council of Learned Societies is that it is not composed of humanists alone, but offers by its composition opportunities for effective interchange between those concerned for the operational values of society and those who are, in the old-fashioned sense, concerned for learning. I am deeply convinced there will be no reinvigoration of learning here except as those disciplines we too narrowly describe as the humanities remain in perpetual and fruitful contact with the social studies and with the sciences. Is it too elementary to remark that the nature of man is one and indivisible? I sometimes amuse myself with the fantasy of imagining what would happen if a radical university president should abolish existing departments of English, of philosophy, of the modern and ancient languages. Great books might conceivably flow back to their primitive and proper relations with man's activities and not be, as now, those strange and artificial things, literary classics. This, to be sure, is what the late Stuart Sherman called a "monoptic" view, but is it any more one-sided than the humanist, complacently implying that economics and chemistry are all very well in their way, but that the student must come to him for life's crowning values?

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I for one frankly confess I have lost interest in the learned branches as separate and absolute technicalities. I think they have meaning not as absolutes but as relative and relevant bodies of knowledge, and I think that in the next decade or two learned men are going in all humility to the social scientist and the scientist to discover when humanistic lore is truly relevant to the human scene, and when it is merely complicated amusement like chess-playing and genealogy. A brilliant literary scholar, a member of your body, said to me about twelve years ago: "The social sciences — that is the enemy." I was young and innocent in those days and believed everything an "authority" told me. Now I know that he was wrong.

I have said so far that learned activity has passed beyond the point where mere accumulation is needful, and that, unless we can discover how to find, train, and support those who can communicate to our culture the values for which theoretically we stand, by and by it will be quite irrelevant whether we accumulate anything or not. If this seems a reckless statement, I quietly call your attention to what happened in Italy, Germany, and Japan. "A mind," says Emerson, to whom, in American things, one always goes for stimulus, "does not receive truth as a chest receives jewels that are put into it, but as the stomach takes up food into the system." Scholarship is valueless unless it is a function of the system which supports it; and I suggested, as my second observation, that the scientists and the social scientists are far more aware of the total nature of mankind and of the place of cultural activity in the future world than are a good many merely learned men.

My third and last observation will seem preposterous, perhaps, and will certainly seem to contradict all that I have hitherto argued. It is simply this: learning must regain a quality that I do not know how to characterize unless I recall the title of one of the best Victorian books on criticism, Eneas Sweetland Dallas' *The Gay Science*. What it needs is joy.

I had recently something to do with an annual anthology, *Best Sermons of 1944*. The sermons were better than I had hoped for, but as I read them, I began to be haunted, as it were, by a

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sense of the familiar; and it presently occurred to me that what was familiar in these homilies is that they are strikingly like academic lectures. The pulpit and the classroom were formerly the two chief outlets of learning; now that the sermon, despite the excellence of this anthology, has dwindled to a vestigial remnant of what it once was, by an easy transfer of values the doctor of philosophy in the learned branches sometimes turns his academic chair into a secular pulpit, from which he calls the young to repentance — in order to save them from the damnation of science, *The Saturday Evening Post*, sociology, capitalism, or that man in the White House.

Our essays are essays to do good. But the essence of doing good from the missionary motive is that you shall find badness to drive out. Now badness suggests sin, and our classrooms ever and again are filled, not with sweetness and light, but with what Dr. Johnson called inspissated gloom. We cease to be savants when we belong to the right or to the left, and under cover of a text of Anatole France shoot barbed arrows at the Catholic Church, or under the pretext of mediaeval studies labor to show that every thinker since Aquinas is in error.

But it is not thus that scholarship contributes to culture. Gibbon, the most ironical of historians, vastly enriched that stabilizing possession, a sense of the continuity of history — but it was not in the House of Commons by his obscure support of Lord North (whom he called "a statesman of spotless integrity") that he did so. He succeeded because as a scholar he followed two great motives. One was the impulse of imaginative vision. Who can forget the two sombre and haunting passages of the *Autobiography* which announce the inception and the end of his great work:

> It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.

And:

> I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the

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hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. . . . I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatsoever might be the future fate of my *History*, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

Gibbon's tragic vision of life dwarfs into insignificance his — or our — political partisanship, just as it dwarfs what a keen critic of modern scholarship describes as "the kind of isolationism that a scholar uses as a protective device when he was too many parts and no whole."

And the second great impulse behind *The Decline and Fall* was Gibbon's sense of responsibility towards the culture that had nourished him. Gibbon had, as J. B. Bury, his greatest editor, remarks, the impulse to measure a civilization by the standard of human happiness. Under the Antonines mankind may have been happy, but their happiness was dependent upon the character of a single man. "The criterion," says Bury, "by which Gibbon [really] judged civilization and progress was the measure in which the happiness of men is secured, and of that happiness he considered political freedom an essential condition." His irony was therefore a function of his affirmation of life, not merely a piece of irresponsible wit. The captiousness of lesser scholars seems to spring from a haunting sense that, in the absence of an imaginative vision of life, professional procedures, however intricate, and particularistic studies, however exact, are an insufficient substitute for affirmative faith in man.

In his recent lectures on *A Romantic View of Poetry*, Professor Joseph Warren Beach, himself a student of Irving Babbitt, after paying every tribute to that reformer, remarks: "And yet, there was no one of my teachers that I did not like better than Babbitt, and find more human. There was none that did not seem to take more relish in the literature itself which was the subject of their lifelong study."

"The literary effort of more than a century in Europe and America," he continues, "appeared to him as one vast infirmary.

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. . . The truth is that his system was not properly an esthetic but a moral system." And Beach speaks finally of this teacher as one who had "a great fear of life and the life impulse in most of its forms, a shrinking from the perilous hazards of living; but he had a pride as great as his fear, and this pride required that he erect his own fears into a general system of ethics." As I never sat under Mr. Babbitt, I do not know whether this analysis is correct. What strikes me, however, is the exactitude of this analysis with reference to much contemporary teaching of non-scientific subjects. It truly does exhibit a great fear of life and the life impulse, and it tries again and again to protect itself, to hide from its own uncertainties, its loss of faith, of conviction, of affirmation, by erecting complicated intellectual systems of an esthetic or metaphysical or ethical or pseudo-scientific sort, and from these topless towers to survey a world that finds no substance there. I am reminded of that acid fragment by Heinrich Heine:

> Zu fragmentarisch is Welt und Leben —
> Ich will mich zum deutschen Professor begeben.
> Der weiss das Leben zusammenzusetzen,
> Und er macht ein verständlich System daraus;
> Mit seinen Nachtmützen und Schlafrockfetzen
> Stopft er die Lücken des Weltenbaus.

The proper subject of our researches is some form of man's ceaseless creative activity, activity conceived in affirmation and brought forth in joy, even though that joy may be, as in the case of tragedy, purgation. The humanist has no monopoly upon this creative act. The imaginative vitality of an Adam Smith or a Veblen, of a Clerk Maxwell or a Darwin, is of the same order of magnitude as that of a Gibbon or a Duns Scotus. When the humanist attempts to monopolize value judgments the result sometimes is, as Mr. Beach's analysis shows, the specious assumption that the humanist alone has all the values and that everybody else, including the external world, is wrong. The result is not joy, but frustration.

I sometimes think the arts make everybody happy except those who study them. I do not ask of scholarship either sentimentality or exhortation; I do ask what Gibbon had and Ellen

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Glasgow demanded: more blood and irony. If the average scholar is not a poet, it does not follow that he must be a parson — spoiled. The temptation to preach, to dogmatize, to cavil, comes over him because he lives in a subjective universe. Unlike the scientist, struggling with the brute fact that the external world exists, unlike the social scientist trying to master the "cussedness" of human nature, he is permitted to live subjectively in the artificial world of print and record. Is there not a causal relation between this unchecked individualism, feeding upon itself, and the preoccupation with the instruments of learning, the hankering to make others reform?

The scholar must not desire to be complicated and unintelligible in order to show that he, too, is a scientist. He must not utter acrid judgments upon mankind merely to prove that he, too, is a student of society. Will he not do better if, instead of attempting to condemn his peers in other fields, he works with them, not against them? I am told that the two branches of the ACLS seem to be drifting apart rather than coming into effective harmony. If so, I am sorry for it. Only as the three "disciplines" of science, social science, and the "arts" collaborate will the humanists achieve humanity.

If we are to comment usefully on Shakespeare and Gibbon, I ask for proof in classroom and lecture hall of the social relevance of those value judgments scholarship is supposed to be peculiarly equipped to render. Too often these judgments consist of the mournful assertion that other value judgments — those of the scientist, the social scientist, the educator — have no value at all. About fifteen years ago John Livingston Lowes said that the best brains were not going into scholarship, but into science and the social sciences. We shall now attract young men and women only in proportion as we show by our actions that scholarship is an act of social faith rather than an act of individual doubt. In that happy affirmation only can it live; in that affirmation only can it hope to play, in conjunction with science and the social sciences, its proper part in the life of modern men who are haunted by fear, racked by skepticism, and tormented by their loss of inward belief.

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Frost At Seventy

George F. Whicher

IN HIS unexpected and delightful poetic playlet, *A Masque of Reason*, Robert Frost represents the Old Testament figure of Job as welcoming the approach of what he thinks may well be the Day of Judgment with the words:

> Here's where I lay aside
> My varying opinion of myself
> And come to rest in an official verdict.

It is now something over fifty years since the earliest known of Frost's poems was written. For approximately two decades of that time he served an apprenticeship to his art not less exacting because self-administered, publishing little, but testing himself to make sure that he had something to say and a voice of his own with which to say it. Since 1913, when *A Boy's Will* was issued in London, he has come forward at deliberate intervals with gatherings of well-seasoned poems, seven books in all, not counting volumes of selected or collected poems. From almost the first he has been recognized as one of the master-singers of our age. He has received almost every form of public recognition that could be given to a man of letters, except the Nobel Prize for literature. Now that he has completed his seventieth year, rich in honors and the regard of friends, it would seem possible to anticipate the tenor of the official verdict that posterity will declare upon his work as a whole.

Why has Frost survived so well? The sources of his power do

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not lie in his being the spokesman of any tendency or movement. He has never been committed to any program. He has faced contemporary currents of thought with a tough-minded skepticism. He has resisted classification. At one time or another he has been factory-hand, farmer, journalist, and teacher, but the one activity to which he has wholeheartedly devoted his energies is the writing of poetry. He has made common cause with no group or class except poets. Though deeply attached to neighborhood and nation, he has never been willing to acknowledge any allegiance to the particular age in which he lives. In that respect he is different from the literary set whom it is proper to label modernists.

There may have been moments when poets did not have to choose between being humanly complete and being contemporary, but our distracted time is not one of them. The period of Frost's poetic activity has coincided almost exactly with the inter-Armageddon era between the inconclusive World War of 1914–18 and its global aftermath. During these years, while the United States was all unconsciously becoming one of the most powerful nations in existence, many voices were busily proclaiming that the civilization of the West was verging to a decline. Or if not declining, it was about to undergo a cataclysmic change of direction. A phase of culture originating in the sixteenth century and culminant in the nineteenth had, we were informed, run its course, and its outworn institutions — protestantism, democracy, capitalism, and science — were doomed to swift decay. A widespread conviction of defeat and hopelessness set the stage for a period of decadent art.

Men who cultivate the acute sensibilities of artists in a time of confusion and insecurity are not likely to escape without spiritual mutilation. The tone of the arts becomes violent and antisocial. When the normal relationships of poetry, painting, and music with the healthy human activities of work, play, and worship are interrupted, esthetic expression is shut up, as it were, in an unventilated cell and obliged to breathe a vitiated air. In contrast to the art of a confident romantic period decadent art has no expectation of a future and grows reckless of consequences. It goes in for orgies of naturalism or of primitive unconstraint.

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It delights in monstrosities and abnormalities, as in the painting of Dali and the poetry of Jeffers. It practices extravagancies of esoteric and private erudition, as in some modern chamber music and much modernist poetry. The sense of wholeness, and with it the writer's grasp of proportion, is weakened. The moment is favorable for the writing of satire and the exercise of wit, but the one note not easy to sustain is the note of good humor.

The poet who best represents our temporal predicament is T. S. Eliot. In total discouragement over a society which he finds "worm-eaten with Liberalism," Eliot has turned his back on the last three centuries and taken a critical stand based on three time-honored systems of authority: Anglo-Catholicism in religion, classicism in literature, and royalism in politics. He has also constructed in *The Waste Land* a symbolic epitome of the spiritual disintegration of the modern world. It is notable that one of the first acts of this devoted advocate of tradition was effectually to cut himself off from the place of his origin and his roots in the immediate past.

Among Eliot's early repudiations likewise were specifically included the two writers most capable of sustaining our faith in the liberal ideals of the nineteenth century. He dismissed them in a passing quip:

> Upon the glazen shelves kept watch
> Matthew and Waldo, guardians of the faith,
> The army of unalterable law.

Arnold, the apostle of an informed reasonableness, and Emerson, whom Arnold hailed as "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit," are not the first candidates who would occur to most of us if we were to look among the Victorians for examples of a stodgy didacticism. But if one wished to discredit the liberal tradition in its most persuasive form no other names would serve as well, for Arnold embodies the essence of a rational humanism and Emerson asserts the transcendental conviction of human dignity. It is significant, therefore, that the two writers to whom Eliot mischievously misapplies Meredith's line about "the army of unalterable law" should be the selfsame two to whom as poets Robert Frost professes himself most closely akin.

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Between Frost and the considerable group of poets, including Eliot, who have borrowed their originality from the French Symbolists there is a fundamental cleavage. Its nature is made memorably clear in the first paragraph of Frost's introduction to Robinson's *King Jasper*, where he makes a sardonic list of the efforts to find "new ways to be new" in poetry:

> It was tried without content under the trade name of poesie pure. It was tried without phrase, epigram, coherence, logic and consistency. It was tried without ability. . . . It was tried premature like the delicacy of unborn calf in Asia. It was tried without feeling or sentiment like murder for small pay in the underworld.

Against these and other expedients of desperation Frost has steadily held out. Along with Robinson he has "stayed content with the old-fashioned way to be new," that is by having something that he has earned the right to say by the vigor with which he has thought or experienced it.

Frost's distinction is precisely that he has maintained during a time of general disillusionment his instinctive belief in the tradition that lies at the core of our national being, the tradition of liberal democracy.

> As long as the Declaration guards
> My right to be equal in number of cards,
> It is nothing to me who runs the Dive.

No reader of his poems can suppose that Frost's serenity is the product of an easy optimism. He has known what it is to feel himself swept and shaken, he has been acquainted with dark hours, he has experienced poverty and injustice. His power of neighborly sympathy with others is attested beyond the possibility of contravention in "The Death of the Hired Man," "A Servant to Servants," "The Self-Seeker," "The Hill Wife," and "'Out, Out'—" among many other poems. But Frost is more than a mass of sensibilities.

> I have a mind myself and recognize
> Mind where I meet with it in any guise.

He has firmness of judgment and a sense of history. He has never expected to find this world an easy place for man to save his soul in. Programs for the promulgation of social justice from

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Geneva, Moscow, or Washington have not roused his enthusiasm. His social philosophy is expressed in an epigram that will bear long pondering: "The opposite of Utopia is civilization." Edmund Burke would have understood this, even if the editors of the *New Republic* do not.

It is a trifle on the ironic side that the same magazine which was the first to recognize Frost when he returned to this country, a little-known American poet who had just had two books somewhat obscurely published in London, should be the first publication to sound a note of disparagement in the fullness of his powers. Yet it has so happened. In two issues of the *New Republic* a year ago, one of the contributing editors, Malcolm Cowley, compiled what he considered the case against Frost as a social philosopher and, at his worst, "a Calvin Coolidge of poetry."

The first count in the indictment is that Frost has become, or has been taken by some of his admirers to be, the symbol of a narrow nationalism. The color given to this charge exists largely in the eye of the critic. Frost is a deeply patriotic American, and is genuinely concerned to promote what may be called the cultural integrity of the United States. His point of view is developed at some length in the poem called "Build Soil," which Mr. Cowley professes to admire in itself, though he does not seem to be able to stomach some of its applications. Frost's attitude is not essentially different from that of William Ellery Channing a century ago, when he wrote in his "Remarks on National Literature":

> We cannot admit the thought, that this country is to be only a repetition of the old world. . . . We are accustomed to estimate nations by their creative energies, and we shall blush for our country, if, in circumstances so peculiar, original, and creative, it shall satisfy itself with a passive reception and mechanical reiteration of the thoughts of strangers.

It is not essentially different from the attitude of Emerson when he asked at the beginning of "Nature" the key question of his philosophy: "Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe?"

If to hope and desire that the United States should display a positive energy of mind and spirit equivalent to its physical

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energy is narrowly nationalistic, then Frost is guilty of a narrow nationalism along with every other well-wisher of this country from the time when Michael Drayton sent off the first Virginian colonists with the prayer, not that they might carry Shakespeare, Sidney, and Spenser to the wilderness, but that they might in time crown with laurel of the New World a poet "that may sing there."

But, objects Mr. Cowley, Frost cannot be considered to belong to the great New England tradition, for Emerson, Thoreau, and the rest were receptive in their time of alien philosophies. They read the scriptures of the East, and their minds were fertilized by contact with oriental influences. Frost, on the contrary, has not welcomed Freudianism with appropriate solemnity, he has recorded the remark of a New Hampshire farmer that many of the world's difficulties seem to be due to a man named "John L. Darwin," and he has even poked fun at the earnest efforts of those who seek to write the Russian novel in America.

We have here a striking example of how a little knowledge can be made to pay large dividends in talking points. It is a matter of textbook information that Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott read everything they could lay their hands on from the literatures of India, China, and Persia, but it is yet to be shown that their opinions were changed one iota by what they read. They responded to the wisdom of the East as the Concord farmer responded to Plato when he remarked that the book seemed to contain "a good many of my own idees." From their oriental excursions the Transcendentalists returned with notebooks filled with sentences that could be used to support and illustrate their previously formed convictions. Of the deeper essence of Eastern mysticism they learned practically nothing.

No, Emerson who advised the American scholar to keep away from libraries except in moments of failing inspiration is not a happy choice in this connection. No doubt books from abroad were much rarer in New England a century ago than they are today and so were more eagerly sought. Our grandfathers did not have to choose, like the young couple pictured in the *New Yorker* some years back, between having a baby or reading

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Pareto. But from what Frost's poems manifest of his awareness of philosophy, literature, travel, history, and science, I should say that his only superior among the Transcendentalists was the omnivorous Theodore Parker, who seemed to his contemporaries to have read everything. What Mr. Cowley regards as Frost's hostility to novel ideas might otherwise be described as intellectual toughness of fiber, a willingness to test out ideas by playful indirection rather than to swallow them whole.

So far we have encountered what perhaps is no more than the normal divergence of view between a poet interested in immediate human values and a social scientist trained to appraise human data from an impersonal and generalized standpoint. But when Mr. Cowley goes on to claim that Frost is not interested in universal brotherhood under God and is therefore deficient in human charity, he makes a charge which if true would be serious. In one sense it is conspicuously not true. The neighborliness of Frost has been from the first a keynote of his poetry too obvious to be missed. When Mr. Cowley accuses him of small enthusiasm for human brotherhood, therefore, he must have reference to mass programs of brotherhood by fiat and ballyhoo. But let us look at the evidence.

The case seems to rest on passages selected here and there from Frost's poems and considered without reference to their tone and context. A habit of hunting through books in this fashion to pounce on illustrations of a preconceived idea is almost certain to lead to serious misinterpretation. Mr. Cowley, for instance, detaches from their setting the lines:

> I have none of the tenderer-than-thou
> Collectivistic regimenting love
> With which the modern world is being swept —

and remarks that the ancient world was also swept by the same "regimenting" love in the first centuries after Christ, thus by one of the longest intellectual leaps on record identifying Communism with Christianity and so arriving at the conclusion that Frost lacks Christian charity. But in what connection do the lines occur? They belong in a playful poem called "A Considerable Speck" dealing with an almost microscopic insect on the

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poet's writing paper. To take them out of that connection is to ignore what is the most important thing about them — the tone in which they are spoken, the twinkle in the eye at the conjunction of a momentous declaration and a trivial occasion. To take the lines in an absolute sense is poppycock. One might as well argue that when Burns wrote:

> The best-laid schemes o'mice an' men
> Gang aft agley,

he was warning us against a planned economy and should be discredited as an "economic royalist."

But a far worse example of missing the poet's whole intention occurs when Mr. Cowley analyzes for his purposes the fine narrative piece called "Two Tramps in Mud Time." His summary of the action will recall the poem:

> The poet tells us that he was working in the dooryard on an April day between winter and spring; he was splitting great blocks of straight-grained beech with a lively sense of satisfaction. Two tramps came walking down the muddy road. One of them said, "Hit them hard," and then lingered by the roadside, suggesting wordlessly that he might take the poet's job for pay. The poet assumed that they had spent the winter in a lumber camp, that they were now unemployed and that they had slept "God knows where last night."

So far the skeleton of the poem at least is fairly represented. But at this point Mr. Cowley diverges from the poem to explain what the proper response to the experience of meeting two unemployed men should be, and to blame the poet for not giving it, but instead ending the poem with what the critic chooses to call a "rather sententious sermon on the ethical value of the chopping block." Let us recall the lines:

> But yield who will to their separation,
> My object in living is to unite
> My avocation and my vocation
> As my two eyes make one in sight.
> Only where love and need are one,
> And the work is play for mortal stakes,
> Is the deed ever really done
> For heaven and the future's sakes.

It will be just as well to take our bearings. When Wordsworth in "Resolution and Independence" described his meeting with

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a feeble and aged leech-gatherer on a lonely moor, he chose to make of the incident a tribute to man's indomitable endurance. The poet, gloomy over his personal prospects and in a dither of despair at the way things were going in France, found consolation in the discovery that one so much worse off than he could take a hopeless situation in his stride and go uncomplainingly about his affairs. Are we to say that Wordsworth blundered by not rushing home to write a plea for old-age pensions? No, the stock response of the social worker has its value in the scheme of things, but it has small value in poetry. The poet as poet is concerned with the meaning of an experience to an individual at a particular time and place, not with its bearing on problems of society at large.

And now to return to Frost's poem. Notice what is not brought out in Mr. Cowley's summary, that after the scene is set in the first two stanzas, three more stanzas are devoted to a leisurely and lovely description of the April weather and the poet's surroundings. These things conspire to make the moment

> The time when most I loved my task.

And the threat that the occupation he so deeply enjoys may be taken from him by the necessities of the casual passers-by only makes him cherish it the more. For Mr. Cowley's peace of mind, remember that the person speaking is not a Long Island millionaire taking week-end exercise, but a poet engaged in failing at farming, a poet who was never very far above the bare subsistence level himself. There is too a certain pride of craftsmanship suggested when the poet remarks of the two tramps,

> Except as a fellow handled an ax,
> They had no way of knowing a fool.

The poem thus becomes a discussion of the philosophy of employment, not prejudged but freshly examined in relation to a personal experience. Are we to say that need is the only justification for labor, and think of jobs, in the modern fashion, merely as excuses for handing out so many livelihoods? To do so is to rob man of two precious illusions — first, the idea that his job is worth doing for its own sake, and second, that it is worth doing

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as a challenge to the doer's skill and stamina. When Mr. Cowley has understood the double paradox in the line:

And the work is play for mortal stakes,

he will have a key to a poem which he is a long way from comprehending at present.

When Mr. Cowley goes on to say that Robert Frost has never been willing to venture into the inner wilderness or to explore the real horrors of the mind in the wake of Charles Brockden Brown, Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, Henry James, Conrad Aiken, and the later Hemingway and Faulkner, I readily agree that the poet does not belong in that gallery. But I marvel at the critic who can recognize only one portal to the inner life, and that a narrow Gothic one. Such poems of Frost's as "Home Burial," "The Fear," "An Old Man's Winter Night," "Paul's Wife," "Maple," "Tree at My Window," "Acquainted with the Night," and "Desert Places," to name only those that first come to mind, have enough to say of human inwardness to prevent Frost from being regarded as merely a phenomenon of hillside pastures.

Near the beginning of his career Frost was taken to task by Amy Lowell for writing in *North of Boston* what she persisted in regarding as "a very sad book." With her genius for missing all but the obvious she overlooked the implicit humor that is rarely lacking in his poems. Reviewers of his latest book, on the other hand, seem often aware of nothing but the humor, ignoring the range of reflectiveness beneath the surface. But regardless of passing fashions in criticism, the reading public has accepted Frost as the poet of our time and country; and the ultimate test of a poet is not, as Job whimsically remarks, how he treats the poor, but what kind of artistic performance he is capable of giving. By that pragmatic test over a span of more than thirty years Frost has demonstrated a capacity to wear well. It seems likely that the leading position he now holds among contemporary poets will become still more marked in coming years.

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Education and International Understanding

Sir Norman Angell

IT IS well to remind ourselves that this is the most educated generation that has ever existed. It has more schools, universities, libraries, teachers, professors, newspapers, lecturers, and commentators, with more media for reaching great numbers, than any generation of which we have any record. Yet this, the most educated generation of all time, has also proved itself to be the most subject to mass suicide, and as little able to discipline passions of sadistic cruelty as any previous one. Furthermore, the most scholastic and learned of all the nations in our present world is the German nation. Learning and scholarship have perhaps been more worshipped in Germany than in any other country.

That men who are the products of modern educational systems can so often "know everything and understand nothing" is a familiar observation. But it is also true that the failure to understand is itself so often due to not knowing the things most worth knowing, to missing the full significance of a few simple truths vital for our peace and welfare, and to half-knowing a multitude of much less vital things which have little bearing on the perils that face us.

The course of Anglo-American relations during the last quarter of a century gives point, I think, to the foregoing. That period happens to have been a crucial period in the history of international relations, and Anglo-American relations happen to have determining influence on that history.

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It is true that any effective international organization must extend far beyond understanding among what we call the English-speaking nations (which, it is well to recall, now number not two but half a dozen — for dominions like Canada are nations). But it is also true that if that understanding is not achieved we need not look for a wider one. The lesser is not of itself enough, but if we do not get that we shall not get the greater.

Yet how weak sometimes is the basis of that understanding in simple factual knowledge — probably equally so on both sides of the Atlantic.

A few years ago, Colonel Lindbergh, addressing an immense public meeting in New York, declared, "The underlying cause of this war is that Britain owns too much of the world and Germany too little." A vast audience burst into long applause, for Lindbergh was presenting a popular and familiar picture, and appealing to a sense of deep injustice which that picture provoked: an obese landowner with more than he needed, fattening on wealth to which he alone had access, while others starved.

Lindbergh here was using terms current in numerous leading articles, in the discussions of commentators and columnists — terms all but universally accepted as expressing broadly the truth. They were accepted not merely by the editorial writers of America, but also, alas, by learned German commentators, who for years insisted that Germany needed *Lebensraum* and was economically strangled because she did not possess it. To possess more territory was, declared Schacht, a "life and death matter." A whole political and economic philosophy was built upon the use of this term "own," in exactly the sense in which Lindbergh used it, and his vast audience accepted it.

Now on the face of it the term, as so used, makes nonsense. "Britain" does not "own" the Empire at all. The houses, fields, farms, factories, furniture, in, say, Canada or Australia or Jamaica or in the Punjab, are not the possessions of the people in Britain, but the possessions of the individual Canadians, Australians, Jamaicans or Punjabis, in whom the titles to those things are vested. If the provinces of Canada were to become states in the American Union, Canadian farms and factories

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would not pass out of the hands of their present owners into the hands of American owners. There would be a change of government, which might be good, bad or indifferent; there would not be a transfer of property from one group of owners to another.

In other words, there is a crude confusion between the meaning of the words "owning" and "governing." Britain can be said to govern part of what we call the Empire (a rapidly diminishing part). She does not own any of it.

This confusion is not a minor or venial fault in political thinking. It is a confusion which lies at the root of much of the passion, resentment, confusing sense of injustice, which in the inter-war years made international agreement and any real understanding of what our quarrels were about all but impossible. If the assumptions which underlie this use of the word "own" are sound, then war is inevitable, for it leads us to regard it as a struggle for the means of life, of bread. Agreement is hardly more possible than it would be between two cannibals, one of whom says to the other, "It is clear that either I must eat you or you must eat me. Let's come to a friendly agreement about it." They won't come to a friendly agreement. They will fight. And they will fight even though their supposition is entirely wrong and there is ample food in the tree above them — obtainable if only, in order to get it, one would stand on the shoulders of the other and divide the product with him. What would cause them to fight would not be "the hard facts of life," but their wrong opinion about those facts: fallacies which this misleading terminology does so much to engender.

If this notion that conquest or possession of Empire means addition to the wealth of a people were correct, we should find that the big countries had the rich populations and the small the poor. But obviously the wealth of a people is not so determined. The standard of life in little countries like Switzerland or Norway or Denmark has for generations been very much higher than in great countries like Russia or China or Brazil. Now this is a fact which book-learning no greater than that given to every elementary school child should make plain. But many university graduates, thousands of them, having become editors, writers,

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commentators, go on ignoring this undeniable truth. It seems not to have bitten into their consciousness at all.

This confusion, or illusion, is not of course peculiar to America or Germany. It is just as rife in Britain and has at times accounted for some of the more unsavoury aspects of British imperialism.

History, even in its most elementary form, could be used to clarify such points as the one just made. When Britain "lost" her American colonies, she did not lose her trade with them. In a few years Britain was doing more trade with the thirteen States than she had done with them as colonies. The United States became a greater field for investment than the Colonies had ever been. But that is not the way history is commonly taught, as I can testify from personal experience.

In an English preparatory school I learned English history. That is to say, I learned about a series of heroic episodes which set up the general impression that foreigners, and rather particularly the French, were a very inferior lot. My parents, however, then pitchforked me into a French lycée, where I learned of these same episodes, only done into French. And I failed to recognize them for the same episodes.

Again, as an adolescent I escaped from a continental university and became an immigrant to this country, and worked as a farm hand for some years. In the bunkhouses of Western farms and the work camps of Western ranches, I heard my fellow workmen discuss politics, including international politics, and discuss particularly, out of compliment to me perhaps, the offenses of Great Britain, the nature of British influence in the world, and the intentions of British foreign policy. It is not — or at least it was not — the habit of cowboys and miners and prospectors to clothe their political opinions with much diplomatic reserve, and I learned in no uncertain terms what sort of animal John Bull was, the kind of motives Great Britain was obeying, the purposes she was pursuing.

Now I was Great Britain, in the sense that my parents and uncles and aunts, the cousins who had gone into the civil service at home or overseas or who were active in politics at home — all these whom I knew so well — multiplied many million times,

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were Great Britain. But, again, I did not recognize them in the picture which the splendid fellows on the farm and ranch drew night after night. I knew that those relatives of mine had many faults — what relatives have not faults? — but they did not happen to be the particular faults which were so freely ascribed to them. It was then that I knew, putting together my experiences in the English school, the French school, the Swiss university, the American farm and ranch and mining camp, that something was wrong with the way in which our schooling put the simple facts of the world before us.

What has actually happened since 1939 surely enforces the conclusion that somehow or other the educated in the interwar generation, alike in Europe and in America, either failed in their concern with the international problem to perceive what were the vital facts which should come first, or failed to make those facts plain to the public. In those years, I suppose I visited most of the universities in Britain and the United States and quite a number on the Continent — in France, the Netherlands, Norway and Sweden. The students were not inert, or indifferent to peace; there was often intense interest in international affairs. But for at least two decades thousands of emotional and earnest young students really were convinced that wars were caused mainly by the armament makers, the "merchants of death," and that if we could take the profit from the armament industry there would be no war; or that the way to deal with war was to abolish capitalism, and that the capitalist states were ganging up to attack Socialist Russia; or that the next war would arise from British imperialism or colonialism.

These are interesting suggestions. But the event has demonstrated how irrelevant they were to what was shortly to happen, how distant from the life and death issue we were all shortly to face. Our main complaint in Britain about the "merchants of death" in 1939 and 1940, when we were fighting off the Luftwaffe and facing invasion, was that they had proved such shocking bad salesmen, and had not sold us enough of their merchandise. When the capitalist states went to war it was not against the great socialist state, Russia, but against Germany. Com-

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munist Russia, instead of being destroyed, has been saved largely with the help of capitalist governments and peoples. War did not come from the revolt of colonial peoples; for neither Japan nor Germany was a colony, suffering imperialist oppression. Nor did the domination against which China has fought so gallantly for so many years come from Europe. It came from another Asiatic nation. China's independence will not be destroyed by European peoples but saved by their aid. The danger to Europe did not come from Asia, as had been so plentifully forecast. Europe has been so nearly destroyed by one of its own highly educated members. Asia has suffered most, not from Europe, but from Asia.

Nevertheless, very often the students — including the British students — with whom I have had to deal in the years which preceded the earthquake, were much more interested in the completer independence of the peoples of Ireland or India or Nigeria, than in making it possible for nations already independent — like those of Europe — to defend themselves collectively against evil violence. Yet, after all, the world has suffered a great deal more from the failure of the independent nations to qualify that independence sufficiently to cooperate for mutual defense against a lawless minority, than it has from, say, the failure of Eire to acquire the six counties. If the theory was that once all the nations of the world became completely independent they would then all be in a mood to come together sufficiently to defend themselves against the gangsters, it is a theory which the history of Europe fails to confirm.

Students of that period, both in Britain and America, often demanded immediate liquidation of the British Empire. Yet the event has revealed that it was fortunate that this much condemned system did exist, that Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, came into the war as a unit when they did; that Gibraltar was a British strong point, and not a Spanish one, and that Malta was not Italian. It was equally fortunate that British troops *were* in Egypt to prevent the joining up of the German with the Japanese forces, and that in consequence India did not suffer the extent of invasion which China has actually

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suffered; that the system made it possible to preserve Australia as a base of American operations, instead of having it become a Japanese one.

Of recent years there have been many plans for bringing American and British students — and professors — into contact. This is all to the good. Yet it is of course a complete fallacy to assume that mere contact of youngsters, or, for that matter, of oldsters, of different nations is likely *of itself* to improve relations. People do not necessarily come to understand each other or their respective problems merely by living cheek by jowl. The bitterest of all hatreds are often those between people who have lived their lives in the same village or the same street. And this is true not alone of villages in the Balkans or in Ireland, where Catholic and Protestant meet.

If mere propinquity were of itself enough, the problems of race and creed and color, which still curse us and cry for solution, would not arise. Some of the worst haters of the French I knew when I lived in France were foreigners who had lived there most of their lives. Some of the very worst Anglophobes are those who have lived in England. Yet contact there must be, or there can be no understanding. The question is whether education can make the contact lead to understanding.

It is perhaps the basic job of education to discipline the old tribal impulses and animosities so apt to appear when two nationalities meet. It is largely by education that we can civilize the savage within us, reconcile ourselves to membership in an organized society and to cooperation with our fellows, even when we deem them of lesser tribal breeds. We shall certainly not impose those disciplines upon ourselves until education has taught the need of cooperation, even for such elemental ends as that of sheer survival. We shall overcome the natural animosities of nationalism by bringing home the fact that today we live in a world in which no nation can be secure without cooperation with others — or, to put it more concretely, we live in an age when no nation anywhere can defend itself by its own power.

If we can develop this sense of defensive interdependence we can look forward, not merely to improving Anglo-American rela-

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tions, but to improving chances of success in the objectives of the San Francisco Conference. If we cannot develop that sense, if we make a partnership in which each partner believes that he can get along quite well without the others, can defend himself by his own power — if that belief prevails amongst us, then, sooner or later, the partnership will fall apart.

Twenty-five years ago we English-speaking peoples, despite our boasted political perspicacity, failed to realize how our security depended, not merely upon each other, but upon a third party, France; and that cooperation with that third party for our own safety and the safety of free civilization depended first upon the preliminary agreement of the English-speaking world. It took a Frenchman to clarify the point for us. At the Peace Meeting in Paris in 1918–19 Clemenceau addressed to Wilson and Lloyd George an argument which ran in about these terms.

"If," said the Frenchman in effect, "you Anglo-Saxons, now in this year 1919, make it plain you will defend France if she is again attacked, you won't have to do it, because if Germany knows for certain that she will have to meet both of you she won't attack and you won't be dragged into a second world war. If you *don't* make this plain, she *will* attack, and you will once more have to leave the bones of your sons upon the soil of France, because the defense of that soil is indispensable to the safety of your own. Only America and Britain can give that guarantee. Who else is there in this year of 1919 who could give a guarantee to France that would deter Germany?"

He proved to be right. The United States and Britain together could have done the thing which might have prevented a second world war. Our leaders, it is well to remember, wanted us to do it. Wilson and Lloyd George were convinced by Clemenceau's arguments, agreed to the guarantees. But the people would not support them.

Can we honestly say that the type of education which in some subjects, like history, prevails in most of our countries had no bearing on this refusal to do what Clemenceau wanted, what Wilson wanted, what Lloyd George wanted, and what Winston Churchill has always wanted? Churchill has wanted it to such a

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degree that in France's dark hour in 1940, when her government was considering surrender, he offered her a solemn Act of Union with Britain, so that the two countries should become one — perhaps the most radical and far-reaching proposal ever made in modern times by the head of the government of one great state to another. Why was not our education such that we could have seen a bit earlier — in 1919, when our governments saw it — a vital political fact which we now recognize so clearly?

Some of us in Britain wrestled with this problem of the French guarantees for years after the war. Yet the more earnest among our people seemed more concerned to deprecate French militarism than to consider whether after all we were not concerned in the defense of France. We did not seem to be quite sure that Napoleon was dead, just as in the United States perhaps there were some who did not seem to be quite sure that George III was dead. It is unfortunate that we do not bring our history teaching a little more up to date.

It is quite certain that in the next quarter of a century we shall have to face some of these facts with fresh minds, and the students who are to approach these problems must do so without the prepossessions that marked the generation which followed the first world war.

The prophecy of Clemenceau so tragically fulfilled emphasizes the point that Anglo-American cooperation can never remain purely Anglo-American. Only by embracing others can it fulfill its purpose; and, as the episode of the French guarantees proved, only Anglo-American action can prevent aggression. If the free world is to cooperate for its collective defense, then the cooperation must begin, although it must not end, with the English-speaking peoples; it must begin there or it will not begin at all. It is the simplest realism to face the fact that today the United States and Britain are the only democratic great powers in the world — using democracy in the sense in which Jefferson and Lincoln and Mill and Gladstone used it. There are other democracies in the world, better, it may be, than ours — Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands, and others — but they do not happen to be great powers. France doubtless is destined once

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more to become a great power, but the task lies ahead. There are other great powers, China and Russia, and they may one day develop a democracy superior to ours, but they have not yet acquired what we mean by the term. And so, if this war is actually one to defend the right of nations to work peacefully towards democracy, then, again, a special burden rests upon the English-speaking nations, which now encircle the globe.

International understanding is never easy. It is sometimes most difficult, being a relationship between those who are much alike, who have family resemblances. It will depend, not merely upon the will to understanding, upon good intention. The will must be an informed will, and the intention enlightened. The "educated" must do a better job than they have done in the past.

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Murder at Harvard

Stewart Holbrook

NOT all of the sons of Harvard, not even Harvard doctors of philosophy, appear to know that the university on the Charles was the scene of one of the most celebrated crimes in American annals. This is a melancholy state of affairs, for the setting of the murder was indubitably a college building and the criminal, who was John White Webster, A.B. 1811, and M.D. 1815, remains the only Harvard professor to perform lethally while a member of the faculty, and the sole college professor to gain entrance to the *Dictionary of American Biography* on the strength not of his scholarship but of his stout and murderous right arm.

The painful celebrity that came to Harvard has gradually been dissipated in the ninety-five years intervening, yet more than one member of the faculty long felt the blight cast by Professor Webster. Bliss Perry has related how his mother at Williamstown, Massachusetts, refused to entertain a Harvard professor who had come there, circa 1870, as a delegate to a convention of New England college officials. Mrs. Perry vowed most firmly on this occasion that she could not sleep "if one of those Harvard professors was in the house." Incidentally, the professor, who had to find quarters elsewhere than in the Perry home, was James Russell Lowell.

One reason the crime achieved such notoriety was pungently pointed out at the time by the eminent Jared Sparks. "Our professors," said the then president of Harvard College, "do not often commit murder." Another reason for notoriety was the prominence of the victim, Dr. George Parkman. And witnesses

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at the trial read like the index to one of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's charming studies of New England.

But let us move upon the *corpus delicti*.

II

At about half-past one on the gray twenty-third of November, in 1849, Dr. George Parkman, one of Boston's best-known citizens, was seen afoot near the corner of Blossom and North Grove streets, moving rapidly toward Harvard Medical College, on the Boston side of the Charles. He was always in a hurry, Dr. Parkman, and his tall, lean figure, together with a prognathous jaw and a set of false teeth so white they fairly glittered, made him a marked man. Yet somewhere near or at the entrance to the Medical College he walked straight into Valhalla. Nor has he been seen since.

A man of Dr. Parkman's standing could not disappear without being missed immediately. It was he, a Harvard man himself, who had given the very land on which the then new Medical College building stood. He had also endowed the Parkman Chair of Anatomy, currently occupied by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. His family was prominent, and his brother, the Rev. Francis Parkman, was a well-known clergyman whose son of the same name was about to achieve fame as a historian. The Parkmans were in-laws of many old Boston families, including that of Robert Gould Shaw.

When Dr. Parkman did not return to his home on Walnut Street that afternoon of the twenty-third, search was begun at once by Charles M. Kingsley, the agent who looked after Parkman's many properties in the city. And next day, Robert Gould Shaw himself, after conferring with the Parkmans, had 28,000 handbills distributed announcing a reward of $3,000 for recovery of the doctor alive, or $1,000 for his body. Mr. Gould told police that he suspected a man who several months previously had robbed Dr. Parkman.

While police were looking for this unnamed thug, an astonishing event occurred. On Sunday, two days after the doctor's disappearance, there appeared at the door of the Rev. Francis

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Parkman's home, Professor John White Webster, who acted in "an abrupt and peculiar manner." Webster said that he had had an interview (a tremendous understatement, that) with the missing man in the Medical College on Friday afternoon, at which time he had paid Dr. Parkman $483 "and some cents." The latter had then, said Webster, rushed out of the college. All of which favored the popular theory that Parkman had been waylaid, robbed, and doubtless murdered.

John White Webster was fifty-six years of age. After graduation from Harvard Medical School he had served in Guy's Hospital, London, and married Harriet Hickling, a daughter of the American vice-consul at St. Michael. Since 1824 he had taught chemistry at Harvard, and from 1827 had held the Erving Chair of Chemistry and Mineralogy. The Websters, who had four lovely daughters, lived in Cambridge and were much given to hospitality.

Hospitality of the sort the generous Websters lavished on faculty members and wives, as well as local and visiting celebrities, cost a good deal, even in the Cambridge of a century ago. And Professor Webster's salary of $1,200 a year was not equal to it. True, he had the income from his lectures; but he was far from brilliant on the platform, and the income from this source was meager. Yet, while it was known to Robert Gould Shaw that on November 23 his brother-in-law had gone to collect money owed him by Webster, he did not suspect that Webster was responsible for Parkman's disappearance. Who, indeed, *could* suspect any such indiscretion in a faculty member of the college on the Charles?

It was a fact, though, that the financial affairs of Professor Webster had reached something of a climax. They were so involved that many whole pages of finely printed testimony were required, a bit later, to make them clear — if ever they did become clear — to the jury. Briefly, it would appear that as early as 1842 Webster had first borrowed money from Parkman, in the sum of $400. For this he gave his note secured by personal property. Then, in 1847, at a time when the first loan had not been repaid, Parkman had been one of a group to lend Webster more than

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$2,000, this time taking a mortgage on all of his personal property, which included a cabinet of minerals. A year later, unknown to Parkman, Webster went to Robert Gould Shaw and by pathetic tales of misfortune prevailed on that kindly man to buy the cabinet of minerals outright for $1,200. He failed to mention that this collection was already in pawn to Parkman.

Well, it was bound to happen soon or late, and one day the matter of Professor Webster's cabinet of minerals — soon to be the most famous collection in history — occurred in a conversation between Gould and Parkman. Now, Doctor Parkman patently enjoyed a low boiling point, and he became furious. From that moment onward poor Professor Webster knew what it was like to have a Yankee bloodhound on his trail. His creditor was a punctilious man who paid his own obligations when due and he expected the same of everybody else, even a Harvard professor.

III

Nothing came of the search for Doctor Parkman. The Charles was dragged. The Medical College was visited by swarms of police who also entered all of the college buildings in Cambridge. Strangers in Boston were picked up by the score, to be questioned and released. The theory of robbery and murder still held the fancy of both police and public, and apparently nobody suspected Professor Webster until a morose and obscure man named Ephraim Littlefield began to translate his brooding into action. Littlefield was janitor at the Medical College. He must have been of a particularly suspicious nature, for his entrance into the case as an amateur detective was brought about by a generous act of Professor Webster's. On the Tuesday following Parkman's disappearance, Webster had presented Littlefield with a thumping big turkey — an astounding event, since it was the first gift the janitor had received in seven years of work at the college. Littlefield brooded over the turkey, which one is happy to note came from Foster's store, next door to the Howard Atheneum, which a bit later became the place where generations of Harvard undergraduates were to study anatomy. Littlefield not only

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brooded over the gift of the turkey, but he was troubled because talk on the street had it that "they'll sure find Doctor Parkman's body somewhere in the Medical College." (In those days medical colleges, both abroad and at home, were held to be notorious receivers of the products of professional body-snatchers.)

"I got tired," said Littlefield in explaining his next move, "of hearing all that talk about the Medical College." Accordingly, he procured what appears to have been a sufficient number of demolition tools to have supplied wreckers for all of Harvard University. Into his dismal basement apartment at the Medical College he lugged drills, hammers, chisels, crowbars. He told his wife that he was going to do nothing less than to dig through the brick vault under Professor Webster's room in the College. Mrs. Littlefield was dreadfully frightened. She objected that her husband would be dismissed from his job, should knowledge of his suspicions reach officials of the college. But she apparently felt differently about the matter after her husband related a conversation he had overheard between Webster and Parkman.

A few days before Parkman's disappearance, according to Littlefield, the janitor was helping Webster putter around his laboratory. The two men were busy and didn't hear a footstep. But suddenly, as if from nowhere, Doctor Parkman appeared on cat's feet. Immediately, said Littlefield, Doctor Parkman spoke up quick and loud — and harsh: "Doctor Webster, are you ready for me tonight?" And Webster replied: "No, Doctor, I am not ready tonight." Parkman moved back toward the door, raised one arm and shook one fist. "Doctor Webster," he said savagely, "something must be accomplished tomorrow." Then he went out.

For the next several days Littlefield brooded and wondered whether, on the next call Doctor Parkman made on Professor Webster, the latter *had* been ready for him. So, on what must have been a gloomy and foreboding Thanksgiving Day, and while Mrs. Littlefield stood watch for possible interruptions, the janitor hammered and drilled and crowbarred his way into the solid brick wall of the vault beneath Professor Webster's laboratory. Progress was slow. At noon Littlefield refreshed himself with the astounding turkey, then returned to his labors, which were great.

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They really laid brick walls to stay, in that era of solid craftsmanship, and night found the janitor only part way through the bricks. He was a determined man, however, and on the following day, after performing his regular duties, he resumed his attack on the vault. And that night he broke through. "I held my light forward," he related, "and the first thing I saw was the pelvis of a man and two parts of a leg. I knew," he added darkly, "this was no place for such things."

Nor was it. Littlefield notified the police of his find, and when they had taken one look at the ghastly contents of the vault, they drove madly to Cambridge in a hack and called on Professor Webster. Constable Derastus Clapp, a man of devious Yankee ways, told Webster they should like him to attend them at the Medical College while a new search was being made. Webster replied that although the building already had been searched a number of times, nevertheless he would be glad to accompany the officers. He got into the hack, which soon crossed the bridge into Boston — and continued on past North Grove Street and toward Leverett Street Jail.

"Stop," cried Webster. "We are going in the wrong direction."

But devious Constable Derastus Clapp answered: "Oh, that's all right, Professor. He is a new coachman and somewhat green, but he will doubtless discover and correct his mistake." Boston had constables in those days of Transcendentalism.

In a few moments, however, the professor realized that he was not a free aid in a search, but a prisoner in Boston jail. Reporters came, and next day the press and all the town went delirious. "Horrible Suspicions!!" screamed the usually seemly and genteel *Evening Transcript*, "Arrest of Professor J. W. Webster." And it continued:

> Since last evening our whole population has been in a state of the greatest possible excitement in consequence of the astounding rumor that the body of Dr. Parkman has been discovered and that Dr. John W. Webster, professor of chemistry at the Medical School of Harvard College, and a gentleman connected by marriage with some of our most distinguished families, has been arrested and imprisoned, on suspicion of being the murderer. . . . Never in the annals of crime in Massachusetts has such a sensation been produced.

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And then, because Epes Sargent was editor of the *Transcript*, and because he probably wrote the story himself, we get the full flavor of the *Evening Transcript's* idea of reporting the crime of the century. The item continues:

> In the streets, in the market-place, at every turn, men greet each other with pale, eager looks, and the inquiry, "Can it be true?" And then the terrible reply, "The circumstances begin to gather weight against him," is wrung forth; the agitated listener can only vent his sickening sense of horror, in some such expression as that of Hamlet —
>
> *O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!*

Never again, so far as I am aware, did the *Transcript* feel that a murder called for Shakespeare. Not even the famous Richardson and Pretty Choir Singer affair of later years rated the Bard.

IV

The trial opened on the nineteenth of March, 1850, when Professor Webster, "his step light and elastic, crossed and took his seat in the dock, his countenance betraying a degree of calm and dignified composure." He was quite short in stature, and seemed of no great strength to the "expert stenographer," John A. French, who noted and took down everything for publication in a "splendidly illustrated" pamphlet put out by the Boston Herald Steam Press. I cherish a worn copy of this horribly printed pamphlet, and had a distant forebear of mine not been otherwise so tremendously occupied, family folklore might have added considerably to my knowledge of the trial. Peter B. Brigham was excused from jury duty at the Webster trial on the improbable plea that he belonged to the Boston militia, was "liable to call at any moment," and was "thus exempt by the statute from serving on a jury."

The State promptly put Janitor Littlefield on the stand, and his accumulated testimony was bad indeed for Professor Webster. Defense attempted to throw suspicion on Littlefield himself, and it also presented a long and highly distinguished array of character and other witnesses. The Hon. John Gorham Palfrey, historian, former editor of the *North American Review*, and member of Congress, declared sonorously that Professor Webster was a

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man of some temper but of extremely good heart. President Jared Sparks of Harvard thought Webster "kind and humane." Nathaniel Bowditch, probably a son of the great mathematician, said that Webster was "irritable though kind-hearted." Other witnesses included members of prominent families — Bigelow, Codman, Dana, Lovering, Sanger, Wyman. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who gave his occupation as physician, testified at some length, both for the State and the defense. For the former he said that whoever had cut up the body alleged to be that of Doctor Parkman had certainly been handy with surgical knives.

The State, of course, was attempting to prove that the remnants of human mortality which had been discovered in the vault, in a tin box filled mostly with tanbark in Webster's laboratory, and in the laboratory stove, were those of Dr. Parkman; and the defense was doing its best to prove the fragments to be those of almost anybody except Doctor Parkman.

While Dr. Nathan C. Keep was on the stand identifying the mineral teeth found in the stove to be the very same teeth he had made for Doctor Parkman, suddenly "here the City bells were rung for fire, and it being announced that the Tremont House was on fire, the Court granted an intermission, to allow the Attorney General, who boarded at the Tremont, to save his papers."

Upon resumption of the trial the spectators were given a grisly enough treat when Dr. Woodbridge Strong took the stand to discuss the matter of burning bodies. "I have dissected a good many bodies in my day," said Doctor Strong with evident relish. "I recollect a pirate I had given me one time, and as I only wanted the bones, I dissected him rapidly, and . . ." so on and on, until some of the less avid spectators left the courtroom.

Little by little, over what must have been ten terrible days for Professor Webster, the coils of circumstantial evidence could be seen closing around him, and late on the eleventh day the jury was charged by Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw, another Harvard man (1800), in an address which is still considered by lawyers to be one of the greatest expositions of the law of circumstantial evidence ever delivered, and is referred to, in the quaint way of

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lawyers, as *Cushing 295*. Three hours later the jury returned with a verdict of guilty. There was no demonstration, for "an awful and unbroken silence ensued, in which the Court, the jury, the clerk, and spectators seemed to be absorbed in their own reflections."

Professor Webster wasn't quite ready to greet the hangman, but his writ of error was denied, and he then addressed the Governor and Council, protesting his innocence and piously calling on the Great Searcher of human hearts as his witness. To no avail. And long before Professor Webster's neck was broken, quickly and efficiently, on August 30, 1850, he made a long confession. Janitor Littlefield had been right. Professor Webster *was* ready for Doctor Parkman, when he called on that fatal Friday. What had happened, according to Webster's confession, was this:

Doctor Parkman had come that day with the idea of getting some money. When denied it, he had called Webster both liar and scoundrel, and had shaken his fist in the professor's face. Then, said Webster, "I felt nothing but the sting of his words . . . and in my fury I seized whatever thing was handiest — it was a stick of wood — and dealt him an instantaneous blow with all the force that passion could give it." The one blow was enough. Parkman fell, bleeding at the mouth. Webster hurriedly bolted all the doors, stripped the dead man, hoisted him into the sink, and there dismembered him with the deft professional strokes that had been apparent to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

V

The Webster-Parkman affair unquestionably has had mention in more autobiographies and memoirs than any other murder case in America. The case probably comes nearer to filling the definition "classic" than any other crime in the nineteenth-century United States. Boston never quite forgave Charles Dickens for his interest in it. For, on his visit in 1869, when asked what he should most like to see of the city's great landmarks, he promptly replied, "the room where Doctor Parkman was murdered." He was taken to see it, too, by nobody but Doctor Holmes. And that evening, at a dinner tendered the distinguished

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Briton, Henry W. Longfellow related a singular incident regarding Professor Webster.

Longfellow had often been a guest in the Webster home in Cambridge, and on one such occasion, a year or so before the crime, Webster had the lights of the dining room lowered and a servant brought a bowl of burning chemicals which shed a ghastly luminescence on the faces of those at the table. Webster then stood up, said Longfellow, took a rope from beneath the table, and cast it around his own short thick neck, like a noose. He then leaned over the glowing bowl, rolled his eyes, lolled his head to one side, and stuck out his tongue, like one hanged. Some of the guests thought it an odd idea of entertainment.

Perhaps the best bit of folklore, though, concerns sardonic Ben Butler, to whom Harvard had failed to grant an LL.D. While cross-examining a witness in court, and treating him rather roughly, the judge reminded Butler that the witness was no less than a Harvard professor. "Yes, I know, your honor," said Ben. "We hanged one the other day."

For the next half century or more Harvard faculty members were constantly undergoing similar pleasantries, according to the late Albert Bushnell Hart, who told me that the ribbing was still prevalent in his early days at Harvard, in the 1880's. And in recent years, so Harlow Shapley reports, the chief comment on the case concerns wonder that only *one* Harvard professor has murdered another. This fact leaves the incidence of murder among Harvard faculty members very low — one in approximately every three centuries.

Actuarially speaking, the job of teaching there remains a fairly good risk.

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The Book and the People of the Book

Ephraim Frisch

IN THE very necessary re-evaluation of the contributions of peoples and cultures to civilization that the thinking public is engaged in, there is a sphere which is not receiving the consideration it deserves. I refer to the need for a reorientation in reference to the Hebrew Scriptures or, as they are commonly known, the Old Testament.

Not only truth, but justice as well, calls for the reconditioning of the mind on this subject. The standing of the Jew in history is identified with and inseparable from his original and unique contribution to the spiritual life of mankind as found in the Bible. If that contribution is belittled or dissociated from him, a serious blow is struck at his reputation and status. I shall not in this discussion dwell on the harm done thereby to his very livelihood and security, but confine myself to the injury inflicted on his dignity and on his confidence in his fellowmen.

In these years when we have come to a newer and deeper appreciation than ever of the moral and spiritual foundations of society, it is helpful to recall the high tribute paid by Matthew Arnold over two generations ago to the Hebrew Bible and to the people who created it and who made its teachings the supreme purpose of their life. "When we are asked," he wrote, in his *Litera-*

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ture and Dogma, "what is the object of religion? — let us reply: Conduct. And when we are asked further, what is conduct? — let us answer: Three fourths of life. . . . And certainly we need not go far about to prove that conduct or 'righteousness,' which is the object of religion, is in a special manner the object of Bible religion. The word 'righteousness' is the master-word of the Old Testament." Resuming this thought later on in the book, he added: "Nor need it be said that other nations, too, had not at least something of this idea. They had, but they were not *possessed* with it."

This tribute is matched by one from another outstanding intellectual of the nineteenth century, Thomas Huxley, severest critic of outgrown ecclesiasticism. "In the eighth century B.C.," he wrote in *Science and Hebrew Tradition*, "in the heart of a world of idolatrous polytheists, the Hebrew prophets put forth a conception of religion which appears to me as wonderful an inspiration of genius as the art of Phidias or the science of Aristotle: 'And what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' If any so-called religion takes away from this great saying of Micah, I think it wantonly mutilates, while if it adds thereto, I think it obscures the perfect ideal of religion."

This rediscovery in the late nineteenth century by authorities in the history of civilization and by students of the new Biblical science of the grandeur of the conceptions of God and man in the Old Testament has been familiar, for the most part, only to scholars. The general run of educated people have retained the prejudiced attitude towards the Hebrew Scriptures in which they have been brought up. Only since the deliberate and announced purpose of Hitlerism to exterminate the Jews and to extirpate their influence in the Western world became a reality, and the stake of Christianity in this program became clear, has the unique importance of the Old Testament as the chief source of our basic democratic ideas of freedom, justice, brotherhood and peace, received new attention.

But even these very recent revised reappraisals — indicated in such writings as Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin's "Democracy Cradled

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in the Jewish Faith" (1937), Henry Wallace's *Statesmanship and Religion* (1934), and Professor Hans Kohn's *The Idea of Nationalism* (1944) — like the older re-evaluations, reached and influenced but a small portion of the educated public. Inherited attitudes, heavily infected with bias, remain entrenched and continue to this day to determine the prevailing cultural atmosphere.

In proof of my assertion, I cite three typical instances, one from the current drama and one each from contemporary literature and art. Attending a performance of "Harriet" some months ago, I heard Helen Hayes in the title role say to her sister Catharine: "Years ago I turned away from my father's Old Testament God of wrath — created a God for my own worship — a God of tenderness and compassion" (Act 3, Scene 2). Apparently neither the obviously emancipated authors of the drama nor the actress realized that this characterization of the Old Testament was both untrue and invidious.

Let us examine the facts in the case. The Old Testament consists of thirty-nine books composed at different times during a period of some eight hundred years, probably beginning, according to the greatest modern scholars in the field, in the tenth century, and ending in the middle of the second century B.C. These books are of various types: some are in whole or in part chronicles, including early race legends; some are primarily books devoted to cult and legislation; some are the accounts of the utterances and activities of unique natural preachers; others contain the reflections of thinkers and moralists on life and destiny; and still others are ethical or religious romances. Naturally the books or portions of the books that were produced in the early states of Israel's career mirror the primitive religious conceptions then prevailing, among them crude conceptions of deity. Accordingly God is pictured in some of the legends of the patriarchs in the Pentateuch and elsewhere in the Old Testament as a God of wrath, a tribal God and so on; it would be surprising if it were otherwise.

The religion of the Old Testament must not be judged by these primitive survivals, nor yet by some crude ideas found in later productions reflecting periods of low spiritual horizons. It must

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be evaluated on the basis of those sections and passages which represent the Hebrew conceptions of God and man at their highest development. These passages are not concentrated in any one book nor do they follow any chronological order. Some are found in the Pentateuch in the midst of material of a lower order; others in great strength in the Prophets; still others in the noblest of the Psalms and in the Wisdom Literature.

When judged by this, the only logical and fair criterion, the reference in "Harriet" to the "Old Testament God of wrath" is seen to be utterly fallacious. The real God of the Old Testament is not the God of wrath long before abandoned by the great seers and teachers of Old Testament times. He is the God of justice proclaimed by Amos; the God of mercy announced by Hosea; the God who, in the vision of Isaiah, is leading man onward to the time when he will beat swords into ploughshares and learn war no more; the God preached by Malachi: "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us all?"; the God of the twenty-third Psalm, the Shepherd who guides his human flock lovingly; the God in whose name Micah declared, "It hath been told thee, O man, what is good and what the Lord doth require of thee: only to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God"; the God concerning whom Jesus, quoting the book of Leviticus, said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind," designating this as the greatest of the commandments.

The writings of H. G. Wells offer an example of bias which has affected the thought of hundreds of thousands of readers in the entire English-speaking world and elsewhere. In his "God the Invisible King," he speaks of "his [God's] vindictive Old Testament past" (p. 8). In another passage in the same book he characterizes "the Hebrew Jehovah" as representing "a conception of a malignant and partisan Deity, perpetually upset by the little things people did, and contriving murder and vengeance. Now this God would be drowning everybody in the world, now he would be burning Sodom and Gomorrah, now he would be inciting his congenial Israelites to the most terrific pogroms" (p. 41). And in still another passage in the same book he denounces "the

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fury of the Hebrew prophets" for "continually proclaiming the extraordinary 'wrath' of their God at this or that little dirtiness or irregularity or breach of the sexual tabus" (p. 49).

From the realm of art I have selected as an example of similar bias the late John Sargent's famous panels, "The Synagogue" and "The Church," exhibited to the public for the first time in October 1919, and constituting, according to the *Boston Evening Transcript* of that day, the latest additions to his "great scheme of mural paintings in the Boston Public Library, illustrating the History of the Progress of Religions." "'The Synagogue,'" the newspaper story says, "is symbolized by the massive figure of an aged woman with her eyes blindfolded. She is seated on the steps of a ruined temple. Her head is turned to the left and her crown is falling off. She clasps to her breast with both muscular arms the tables of the law and a broken sceptre. . . . The panel depicting 'The Throne' shows a cloaked and hooded female figure seated on a throne." Mr. Sargent explained to the members of the press, assembled for a preview, "that the sources of this symbolism are found in medieval religious art, especially in the works of the sculptors of the cathedrals."

The examples I have cited — to which many more can be added from contemporary molders of thought, among them the writings of Gilbert K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc — make it clear that the cultural climate is still heavily infected. It will continue so unless and until the infection is attacked at the source and eradicated. The source is way below the surface and has been active for nineteen hundred years, ever since the time when the Founders of the Christian Church (not Jesus, who never left Judaism) broke away from the mother religion. It is not necessary for the purpose of this discussion to review the historic controversy centering around that separation, or to pass judgment upon the relative merits of Christianity and Judaism. What I am concerned with here is that the role of Judaism in civilization and the place of its Bible be reappraised now, in the light of our full knowledge and better perspective, on their own intrinsic merits and not on the basis of the partisan unilateral evaluation of their ancient theological opponents.

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The Founders of the Christian Church made in essence two fateful pronouncements with respect to Jews and Judaism. They declared, first, that the Jews as a people were deicides, they and their descendants being doomed to suffer the consequences of the awful guilt until the end of time. They declared, second, that the Jews had become intellectually and spiritually blind. Up to then, it was asseverated, Israel knew the truth more clearly and authentically than any other people; but from then on he not only could not discern new truth, but had become blind to the meaning of the old truth of which he had been the custodian. His Scriptures were therefore declared superseded and inferior in authority, except for those portions which were interpreted as forecasting the plan of divine salvation which the Church announced. These pronouncements presently were made the official doctrines of the Church. They were incorporated in the New Testament, elaborated by the Church Fathers, reaffirmed and expanded in the bulls of Popes and the enactments of Church Councils; and they were backed by the might of the Roman Empire (after Christianity became the established religion of the state) and the Medieval Church-dominated states. They determined the social and economic as well as the political life of Christendom; permeated and dominated art, literature and drama; and shaped the views of the educated and, of course, also those of the man on the street. The fruits they bore in Crusades, inquisitions, ghettoes, the yellow badge, and pogroms are now becoming well known and need no elaboration here. What does require emphasis is their persistence to this day and the injury they are still doing.

In his *Over the Teacups*, Oliver Wendell Holmes describes how he himself was brought up in this Church tradition of prejudice towards Judaism and its adherents, and how, upon reaching mental maturity, he saw its untenability and its unfairness, and freed himself from it. "I grew up," he writes, "inheriting the traditional idea that they [the Jews] were a race lying under a curse for their obstinacy in refusing the gospel. . . . In the nurseries of old-fashioned Orthodoxy there was one religion in the world — one religion, and a multitude of detestable, literally damnable

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impositions believed in by uncounted millions, who were doomed to perdition for so believing. The Jews were the believers in one of these false religions. It had been true once but was now a pernicious and abominable lie. . . .

"They [the Jews] had a religion of their own, about which Christianity agrees with Judaism in asserting that it was of divine origin. . . . Instead of remembering that they were entitled to form their own judgment of the new Teacher, as they had judged of Hillel and other great instructors, Christians, as they called themselves, have insulted, calumniated, oppressed, abased, outraged, 'the chosen race' during the long succession of centuries. . . . The course of the argument against them is very briefly and effectively stated by Mr. Emerson: 'This is Jehovah come down from heaven. I will kill you if you say he was a man.' . . . The religion we profess is not self-evident. It did not convince the people to whom it was sent."

Although here and there independent thinkers of our day, like Oliver Wendell Holmes before them, have repudiated the inherited Church tradition and arrived at their own fairer appraisals — among them such great authorities in the field as H. Travers Herford in his *Pharisaism* and George Foot Moore in his *Judaism in the First Centuries of the Christian Era*, and, in one instance, a dramatist of note, Marc Connelly, who in his symbolic play *The Green Pastures* rediscovered for the stage the towering figure of Hosea, prophet of tenderness and compassion, in the Old Testament — notwithstanding all these occasional penetrations, the old attitudes persisted among the intelligentsia, and of course also among the general public.

It was in terms of this background that Dr. Conrad Henry Moehlman, Professor of the History of Christianity at the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, attacked the wrong under discussion, after the most comprehensive and exhaustive study of all the original sources and the subsequent literature and historical records, in his arresting book *The Christian-Jewish Tragedy* (1933). In the opening sentences of the Preface he says: "Some Christian had to write this book. An apology to Judaism on the part of Christianity has been long overdue. The relation between

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Christianity and Judaism during the last nineteen centuries is an ethical problem which twentieth-century Christianity can no longer afford to ignore." And in the book itself he goes on to say, "The tyro in the study of the Christian-Jewish problem soon discovers that the ultimate reason for anti-Semitism, although the term itself is of very recent origin, is Calvary" (p. 9). He upholds Professor Horace Kallen in the latter's emphatic declaration that anti-Semitism is the logical and inevitable corollary to the traditional Christian attitudes and teaching, notably (quoting Dr. Kallen) to "the status they assign the Jews in the mystery of the redemption. Jewry is given a central and devilish role in this mystery; and the Christian generations first learn about Jews and Jewry as the enactors of this role. They are the villains of the Drama of Salvation" (p. 10).

Dr. Moehlman's challenging call, and that of others, upon Christian leaders for an intellectual and ethical housecleaning with reference to the Christian-Jewish problem, is fortunately meeting with considerable response. In the secular field outstanding educators, historians, sociologists and publicists had already initiated undertakings to overhaul tainted instructional material of all kinds used in the public schools and colleges. Now at last many Church leaders have taken steps to purify texts used in Church schools and church-supported colleges. The National Conference of Christians and Jews, which had initiated efforts in this direction by having members of the faculty of Drew University make a study of Protestant teaching materials (completed in 1935 but not made public), reorganized its activities in 1941 and appointed a committee of thirty-five leading religious educators to continue this work. Largely as the result of the activities of this committee a group of books and pamphlets have recently been published by the Friendship Press for the Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada, and are now in use in many schools. I have looked into these texts and have found that they are not only free of any bias towards Jews and Judaism, but that they consciously aim at a fair and even a generous presentation.

The more militant Textbook Commission of *The Protestant*

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(magazine), organized in November 1943, with which some 5,000 liberal Protestant ministers are associated, has achieved some notable results in alterations in the contents and spirit of current Protestant instructional material.

But the bias that still infects scores of Protestant texts in actual use, particularly among the Lutherans and Fundamentalists, remains disturbing. Limitations of space permit me to cite but a few of the hundreds of invidious passages assembled by Conrad Meyer, samples of which he published in an article in *The Protestant* (October–November 1942) entitled "The Root of Anti-Semitism." I have checked the following passages in the books themselves in the course of a personal study I have made of the subject, and I could add others which I have come across independently. Here are a few samples:

From *Bible History References, Explanatory Notes on the Lessons Embodied in the Comprehensive Bible History for Lutheran Schools*, by P. Rupprecht, Vol. II, New Testament Stories, published by Concordia Press, St. Louis, Mo. 1935:

> Since their open and stubborn rejection of Christ in those days of superabundant grace their hearts have been hardened. . . . It has always been an almost hopeless task to gain souls for Christ and His Church, through mission work, among the Jews, as also our Synod has experienced ever since it inaugurated its Jewish missions (p. 383).

From *The Life of Christ*, by Adam Fahling, published by Concordia Press, 1936 (Lutheran):

> And ever afterwards the Jewish wanderers, from century to century and land to land have borne the curse which they have invoked upon themselves and their children (p. 656).

From *Snowden's Sunday School Lessons*, by Earl L. Douglass, D.D., Litt.D., published by the Macmillan Co., 1943 (Presbyterian):

> The situation of the Jew in the modern world largely resembles his condition on that ancient day. He has arrogated to himself a place of outstanding leadership in all nations and in every branch of human activity (p. 199).

Now something about Catholic teaching material. In 1937 the hierarchy appointed a commission on American citizenship at the

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Catholic University of America. One of its projects is a series of readers, known as the "Faith and Freedom Readers," for parochial schools. Six of these have already been published by Ginn and Co., and are now reported in use in 4,000 of the 7,700 parochial schools. I have examined them. I found them free from bias; there are even a few incidental friendly references to present-day Jews as well as to Protestants.

But whatever good this set of collateral books can and may do, is bound to be completely nullified by the texts used in the basic courses of the parochial schools, the Church schools and seminaries.

Here are four references, in the newest authorized Catholic English version of the New Testament — "The New Testament, a Revision of the Challoner-Rheims Version. Edited by Catholic Scholars under the Patronage of the Episcopal Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J." — published in 1941. They are in the form of footnotes to the New Testament text:

(1) Note to Mark 11: 14: "The fig tree was a symbol of the Jewish nation, which though rich in foliage, bore no fruit. Cf. Matt. 21: 18."
(2) Note to Galatians 2: 19: "The law was intended to lead to Christ. Therefore its purpose was accomplished, and it died, or one became dead to it, when one reached Christ. By the cross, Christ delivered us from the curse of the Law."
(3) Note to I. Thessalonians 2: 16: "The severest kind of punishment God can inflict on the unbelieving Jews is eternal damnation. . . . Cf. Rom. 11: 25–27."
(4) Note to Apocalypse 2: 9: "The Jews are the Synagogue of Satan. The true synagogue is the Christian Church."

The footnotes in the Catholic Bible itself — in this version and in others in use — find their counterparts in the Catholic religious textbooks, which have the imprimaturs of the highest ecclesiasts and are widely used. From excerpts from thirty-one books used as instructional material which I examined and found objectionable, I select the following:

From *Bible History*, by Bishop Richard Gilmour, written in 1869 but republished many times (the latest edition by Benziger

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Brothers, New York 1936):

> For eighteen hundred years has the blood of Christ been upon the Jews. Driven from Judea — without country, without home — strangers among strangers — hated, yet feared — have they wandered from nation to nation, bearing with them the visible sign of God's curse. Like Cain, marked with a mysterious sign, they shall continue to wander till the end of the world (p. 209).

From "Compendium of Bible and Church History, a book of Religion for Catholic Elementary Schools, by Rev. Brother Eugene, O.S.F., Litt.D.," published by William H. Sadler, Inc., N. Y., 1931:

> And ever since the Jews have wandered about, a people without a flag, a country, a priest, an altar or a sacrifice, a living testimony that indeed the vengeance of God fell upon them and their children (p. 199).

These characterizations of Jews, their religion and their Bible, which have their roots in the writings of the founders of the Church — not of Jesus, who found his inspiration in Judaism and never left it, but only denounced those elements among his co-religionists which violated its noblest teachings and spirit, precisely as Amos and Isaiah and the other great prophets had done before him — I say, these characterizations continue to poison the cultural life of our times, permeating, as we have seen, drama, literature and art.

External measures to correct this old entrenched evil, such as good will statements by high ecclesiasts and appearances on the same platforms of representatives of the three faiths in Brotherhood Week meetings, may help, but will not and cannot eradicate the evil. More is required than periodic visits of the exterminator to cope with the infestation. It must be attacked at its roots and with an "all-out" program. Such an undertaking, as Dr. Moehlman emphasized, requires great moral courage and determination. It is a difficult job, but it can be done.

One notes in these self-searching days an expression of recent origin, "The Judeo-Christian tradition," used now and then by advanced thinkers in both Christian and Jewish circles. By that expression is meant the great tradition of justice, love, peace, and brotherhood which the Hebrew prophets and their kindred spirits

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preached, and which Jesus reformulated in His own extraordinary way — the tradition called by the late Israel Zangwill "The Voice of Jerusalem," which has come down the ages with undiminished strength, but with a history of accomplishments far short of its potential. This is a sphere in which Christianity and Judaism, as allies, can and, I hope, will find an ever-growing field of usefulness. There will be ever-increasing need and opportunity in a civilization that appreciates more and more diversity of talents and backgrounds for both Christianity and Judaism to serve and to inspire. "Religions are many; religion is one."

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An Essay On Lassitude

In Droning Couplets

Donald A. Stauffer

In this age of the world, with things sliding from bad to worse,
High time has come for satiric occasional verse.
I've picked an occasion with plenty of elbow room,
Extending from Adam's first step to the trumpet of doom.
The point of this cock-eyed philippic is far from hazy:
We are where we are through man's genius for being lazy.
And it's fair to warn you, concerning the fix we're in,
Most ills may stem from this hardly original sin.
It's the basis of pride, and that cleverest devil stupidity,
Of envy, despair, of fanatic reform and cupidity.
Even excepting the venial faults of desire
We're left plenty of slow-burning faggots to feed the fire.
The root of all sins is sloth, thus broadly defined,
Which saves me the bother of having to use my mind
In setting the bounds, with gravity rather than jollity,
To just what I mean by idleness or frivolity.

The subject is so enormous in time and space
That, more than most satires, it flows all over the place.
Artistic spareness alone gives bounds to my song —
Which means that laziness keeps it from being long —
And instead of Spenserian stanza or terza rima
Or any such scheme of the careful poetic dreamer
I shall hold to a couplet so loose that it's out of joint
As the perfect device in technique for proving my point.
But I *will* not begin *in medias res,* like Homer.
I'm lazy, but not so lazy I'm in a coma.

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So where shall we start? Well, why not at the beginning?
Consider the Biblical data of Adam's sinning:
I fear that sloth is woven into our blood,
For Adam was made of clay, moulded of mud.
Not winged with lightning and wind, how could he aspire?
Earth and water, no creature of air and fire.
God took a rib, to continue this process of glozing,
And the first man lost his integrity while he was dozing.
His need of Eve as companion is most delicious
When we don't stop to think which one of them dried the dishes.
Perhaps they reached for that apple instead of a peach
For the simplest of motives — because it was easy to reach.
The paradisiacal and somnolent hours,
The couches, the half-closed eyelids in the bowers
Were suddenly sins; and terrible then as now
Came the curse to native inertia: "The sweat of thy brow."
They had to stand up. They departed their garden walking,
Lazily blaming the other, and talking, talking.
But Adam delving in Eden while Eve span
Kept hoping for leisure that makes the gentleman.
Abel was better, till Cain hit him over the head.
But Cain went on living, and industry was dead.

This is the sort of thing you can trace through the ages —
The woof of the peasants, the warp of the prophets and sages.
You could bark at the world from a tub as a noted cynic,
You could sit on a porch in a philosophical clinic,
You could perch on a column and wait for the people to heed you,
You could lie in the desert and count on the ravens to feed you,
You could sprawl in a bath till you suddenly shouted Eureka,
Or could wait for an apple to fall and be praised as a seeker.
Contemplation, as all such examples would tend to prove,
Is a wonderful life because you so seldom must move.

Don't think, though, I'm idolizing the active and hearty
Because of the vegetable tinge in the thoughtful and arty.
Men quick on the trigger, all Johnnies on the spot,
May be lumped in a line as the laziest of the lot.
They rush with such vigor on land, o'er the sea, through the air,
To keep from the trouble of figuring why they are there.
The frenzies of speech and of action by brutes and bores
Offer fair means of hiding those vacuums that nature abhors.

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The leaping from rock up to rock and the plunge from the brink
Are blessed reliefs from the pain of having to think.
And the self-adored captains of industry, men of decision,
Are better at snap than at judgment, at verve than at vision.
If never a new world to conquer awaits its turn,
Wrap up in a palace with women and wine and burn.
When Carthaginian swordblades cease to sing
You're forced to suck the poison out of a ring.
Divide up Gaul, cast dice in imperial blitz,
And you'll scarce have time for epileptic fits.
After spacious slaughter, here's an ironic doom:
More time for thought, and less than Elba room.

Put the thoughtful and active together, here's the conclusion:
At hiding our idleness, all men work in collusion.
For busy as bees in the webby cosmos of notion
Are those averse to this world and to struggle and motion;
While rocket-like through careers that are taut and untaught
Rush those who would rather die than give birth to a thought.
Each type of life is a cunning concealment of sloth
Of which guilty the active, guilty the passive — both.

Such ancient and general cases are hardly convincing.
The most hardened drone wades through them without ever wincing.
But assiduous reader, would you incline to agree
Indolence even may touch upon you and me?
Satire, for instance, the ails of the universe scores
To keep the writer from cleaning the rooms indoors.
Easier, scolding others, ourselves to exalt
Than to admit we have sinned through our grievous fault.
Just as the monkeys will pleasantly all day labor
At hunting for lice in the fur of their nearest neighbor,
So the quest for motes in any eyes but our own
Gives us a lazy superior sense of well done.
And by roundly damning all imperfections in sight
We prove without strain that we're on the side of the right.

Sit down to your breakfast egg (if you're lucky), dear reader,
And take this war we're in as the theme to consider.
Of course, you may say I'm joking or pulling your leg
And concentrate happily on your breakfast egg;
Or you might say the subject is much too painful to mention,

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Letting golden silence exalt your noble intention;
But probably if I asked "Isn't this war a mess?"
'Twixt bites you would firmly, delightedly answer "Yes!"
Your reply shows the war to be bad and you to be good
And allows us to ruminate only the breakfast food,
For thinking is such a powerful and painful driver
That more than bile or choler it checks the saliva.

Pick up the paper: the headlines of KNOCKOUT DRIVES
And ATOMIC ERAS have daily bombarded our lives
Till we, amid prophecies, last words, future tips,
Diurnally live and breathe the apocalypse.
To save us labor, we ask for headlines doctrinal
And prefer that each paper we read be labelled a FINAL.
At breakfast, or running and reading along the street,
We clamor for news that is curt, and clear, and complete.
As if a certain answer were not absurd,
We shout at the powers that be: "Give us the word!"
The word is with God, but since it's inclined to be mute
We'll take the nearest available substitute.

Let us turn to the spacious columns editorial
Where couched in the plushy clichés that are immemorial
Writers intone (till it's really no longer fun)
Over and over: "Something's got to be done."
In general phrases and language soporific
They ask for solutions concrete, detailed, and specific.
They're up to the minute, and if Versailles is passé,
The Junker rulers in Deutschland will do for a day,
And Emperor Worship allow every pundit his say.
The journalists reach their heights of eloquent passion
Simply repeating ideas that are this week's fashion,
And the only fashion in which there's no rising or sinking
Is the greatest of all — the fashion of thinking we're thinking.
We need a postwar plan. They don't tell us how.
They've done their duty by saying we need it NOW.
And in their demand for action, we citizens rest
As tepid and torpid as babes on a mother's breast,
And feel, as we fold the paper and put it away,
"Well! That's enough of this thinking for one day!"

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I appear to have lost my theme, but that isn't true.
I'm too lazy to syllogize it, and so are you.
If you want something grimmer, take this: no less than in languor
Laziness lies in *ira* (translated: anger).
Another translation — not to be told in Gath —
And a lazy translation at that, is "Righteous wrath."
If a problem is almost too hard to resolve, it's easier
To blame it on others in fits of splenetic amnesia.
When thoughts are lowered and voices raised to a shout,
All over Europe the lights begin to go out.
Hatred's an easy means to tickle one's vanity,
And each speaker obviously has a corner on sanity.
Hate the Communists, Catholics, Germans, Jews,
Capitalists — for what have we got to lose?
Some day we'll know, if by then we're not already dead:
"O homo sapiens! one thing to lose is your head."

To argue with anger, however, is always too late.
Ethiopia, China, the Rhine have knocked at the gate;
Austria, Munich, appeasement have addled the brain;
Now the wake is over for agony that was Spain.
And in the great parliament of the fowls and the cultures
The cormorants now have pecked the last doves into vultures.
Like a violin maestro, the Leader without a peer
Has played on the lazy emotions of hate and fear
Till at last we have all been led as a matter of course
To the easy solution that never solves anything: force.
For the Leader forgot, in making world plans of his own,
The anger that springs from not being left alone.
He should have remembered, among all the blows he dealt,
This menace to laziness only can raise a Welt.
Still, it took his positive genius at irritation
To rouse to a battle pitch our innocuous nation
Where materialists and Peace-at-all-pricers agreed
That "Hands off this hemisphere!" ought to suffice our need,
Indolence lapping us round like the seven sleepers
Till we almost believed we were not our brothers' keepers.
But now, the fierce flames of anger (or is it despair?)
Leap to a murderous holocaust through the black air
Till we vow, with a lazily bitter determination,
That the sole hostile nation that's good is extermination,
And while the earth floods mountain-deep in the deluge of war
The V for Victory knocks at the fatal door.

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Like Schubert's Unfinished Symphony — never ending
Because it's been going so long — this verse is tending
To break off in mid-line and leave all you readers the thought
"How profound 'twould have been if 'twere done, but as 'tis, 'tis naught."
An unfinished satire on laziness! how terrific
In proving the theme itself has been accidific!
Now what were we speaking of? You must pardon the yawn,
But like wounded snakes this beyond-Alexandrine line drags its slow length on.
To return to the subject: let's see. There *was* a theme —
Perhaps it is pleasanter just to sit here and dream.
And art should give pleasure at all costs. That's why it's true
That in satire we're certain the theme is not me or you.
Don't try to remember. I'm sure we can save our labors,
For whatever the topic, it's not our fault but our neighbor's.
We're close to home. Or Homer. They say he nods.
Let's rest our heads — and this verse — on the laps of the gods.

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Vienna: Legend and Fact

Alfred Werner

"POOR Vienna!" Americans exclaimed last spring, fearing that it might be turned into a second Stalingrad. The Nazis seemed to have decided to hold Austria at whatever cost, to prolong their criminal regime. In October, 1944, Baldur von Schirach, the Reich leader of the Hitler Youth, then Reichsstatthalter for Vienna, and Dr. Hugo Jury, then Gauleiter of Lower Danube, frantically appealed to the "Ostmarkians" to defend the "sacred soil" of the Reich. All able-bodied Austrians, men and women from 16 to 65, who were not in the army, were drafted to build a "defensive belt on our southeastern flanks on which the enemy's onslaught will break its teeth."

The Austrians, however, refused to sacrifice their lives for the German tyrants. As Marshal Tolbukhin's men were nearing the eastern frontier of Austria, peace demonstrations were started in Vienna by thousands of men and women. The Nazi authorities had to call an entire division of SS troops into the city to suppress these riots. Many civilians were killed or wounded. When the Red army finally reached the city's outskirts, the Fifth Columnists within the city, who had long been waiting for that moment, struck at the Nazis with whatever weapons were available, thus shortening considerably the siege of Vienna. The German garrison surrendered, and on April 13, 1945 — precisely seven years and four weeks after the forced Anschluss — the red-white-red flag of the Austrian Republic waved from Vienna's town hall again, together with the red flag of the victorious Russians.

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"Vienna, Germany — hard to believe, isn't it?" the gentleman of the draft board remarked last spring, as he glanced through my first papers. There were probably countless other Americans who could not get accustomed to the idea that (according to George Axelsson, Stockholm correspondent of the *New York Times*) wartime Vienna was nothing but a "vast prison camp." But the selective service official's conception of pre-Hitler Vienna was equally inaccurate. Strauss waltzes, suesse Maedel, psychoanalysts — they existed, of course, and were more real than the "Blue" Danube (which is anything but blue), but they constituted only a tiny part of Vienna. Hollywood has never been noted for accuracy or profundity, and many Americans have received their impressions of Vienna almost entirely from the moving pictures. But since your son may be sent to Vienna — which, according to the Moscow Agreement of 1943, eventually will be policed by a mixed Allied army of occupation, to enforce law and order — and since Austria will be within the orbit of postwar America's economic interests, it might be helpful to have a native Viennese destroy for you the glamorous myth of the "City of Song."

Much of the legend is based on the fact that Vienna's past lends itself to daydreaming, even in the twentieth century. Indeed, except for Bruges, there is hardly a city in Central Europe that has been living on its past as completely as Vienna. I could tell you stories of the Roman military colony of Vindobona, where the philosopher-emperor Marcus Aurelius died while on a campaign against the Nordic barbarians; or of the thirteenth-century capital of the Margraviate of Austria which, in 1278, became the residence of the Hapsburgs and remained so for 640 years. Twice, in 1529 and in 1683, the Turks tried to conquer the capital of the Holy Roman Empire, but were forced to retreat, first by the plague and the second time by the Poles under King Sobiesky. I could continue with stories about Napoleon, who, during his stay, was almost assassinated by an Austrian patriot; or about the glorious Congress of Vienna, which, as a wit remarked, did not walk, but dance —

But "Too much history!" the reader might complain. "Too

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much history" — no phrase can better characterize that hydrocephalic capital of the tiny defunct Austrian republic. As Atlas was condemned to bear the world on his shoulders, the Viennese had to bear the weight of two thousand years of history, whereas Berlin was hardly worth mentioning before Frederick the Great. And the features that the schools, novels and movies have emphasized particularly are the glamor of the Imperial Court and the wasteful life of the aristocrats and patricians, not the revolutions of 1848 and 1918. In the suburbs every child could point out the places where Schubert wrote his immortal melodies — but they do not mention the fact that he starved to death.

History everywhere! A family whose staple food consisted of potatoes and sauerkraut might possess a Louis Quinze chair that some ancestor had received from the Empress Maria Theresa for having fought bravely in war. A college professor who had his only suit dyed and turned twice, because he could not afford to buy new clothes, might carry a cigarette case that Napoleon had donated to one of his forebears. In some Hausmeister's (janitor's) drab apartment one might find a wonderful massive old clock that had long ceased to go, beautiful old lace that trimmed the bridal gown of a great-grandmother, or porcelain shepherdesses, dainty and debonair, that came from Vienna's eighteenth-century Augarten china factory.

Vienna is a Janus-faced city. The foreign visitor was usually shown only the face that looked backward. His Vienna was the ancient "Innere Stadt," the nucleus, surrounded by the glamorous semi-circular Ringstrasse and the straight Franz Joseph Quay, with a few imperial castles in the suburbs thrown in. True, there was much to be seen in the old city, from the Gothic Saint Stephen Cathedral to the Baroque palaces of the nobility. One could browse over rare manuscripts in the National Library, or listen to a Mozart Mass in the Hofburgkapelle. On the Ringstrasse, with its unforgettable air of luxury and ease, one could admire the Opera House, the Museums of Art and Natural History, the Parliament Building, the Burgtheater, the Rathaus, the University, the Votiv Church, the bank palaces, all built

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in the pseudo-Greek, pseudo-Gothic, pseudo-Renaissance, or pseudo-Baroque style of the nineteenth century.

If one cared more for food and atmosphere than for art and pseudo-art, one could go to the famous Sacher restaurant, where they served genuine Wiener Schnitzel and Sachertorte and let you dream of bygone days when archdukes sat there with dazzling girls of the corps de ballet on their aristocratic arms. One could get drunk in the low-roofed, old-fashioned "Griechenbeisel" in the Oriental quarter, flanked by a Turkish mosque and a Greek church. Or one could sip a cup of Kaffee mit Schlagoberts (coffee with whipped cream) at the Café Central or Café Herrenhofhof, where the headwaiter pointed out the famous literati, from Franz Werfel down, who were regular customers.

Then there was the Belvedere, built by Prince Eugene, who vanquished the Turks, the Hermesvilla in the shadowy Lainzer Tiergarten, and many other unbelievably charming palaces and mansions in the outer districts — the loveliest of which was, perhaps, the Castle of Schoenbrunn, with its vast gardens. There the Emperor, Francis Joseph, lived most of the time, and some of the older inhabitants could show you the inconspicuous door through which the elderly gentleman left the Castle, and the alley that led to a point opposite No. 9 Gloriettegasse. This was the home of the Burgtheater actress, Katharina Schratt, the Emperor's close friend, whose advice he sought on many matters. . . .

But the foreigner who lived in the swanky Hotel Bristol or Grand Hotel on the Ringstrasse (which even middle-class Americans could afford to do, thanks to the astonishing purchasing power of the dollar) rarely got to know the people — that is, the *real* people. There were waiters and chambermaids expecting big tips and thanking with a deep bow, and a "Kuess die Hand, danke schoen," and the gay crowds on the Prater, who enjoyed life more gaily and noisily than New Yorkers do at Coney Island. On the basis of these experiences the visitor believed that the Viennese was just a superficial, light-hearted, good fellow, contented with his lot. He hadn't changed much, after all, since the times of the Lieber Augustin, that immortal happy-go-lucky

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bagpiper about whom the following story is told:

At the time of the pestilence, when dead bodies lay in piles on the streets, he was picked up for dead one morning, while lying drunk in an alley, and thrown into a ditch with others who had died of the epidemic. But in the afternoon he awoke from his long, sound sleep. When the guards approached the ditch again, they heard, to their great amazement, the well-known voice, accompanied by the Dudelsack, arising from the grave: "Oh, du lieber Augustin. . . ."

One needed to live in Vienna for a long time to know the city's other, grim face. It could not be seen in the Innere Stadt, not even in the Prater or the wine-gardens, where people sought to escape from the harshness of life for a couple of hours. It is not mentioned in the Baedeker; and, as far as Hollywood is concerned, it does not exist. But Mark Twain saw it, when he brought his daughter to Vienna to study the piano under Professor Leschetitzky, and he described a Vienna that was anything but gemuetlich, with the turbulent scenes in the houses of Parliament during the Premiership of the Polish-born Count Badeni, and the brutal disruption of socialist mass meetings in the streets. I do not think that his realistic descriptions impressed his readers deeply. When, more than thirty years later, civil war broke out in the city and Dollfuss' heavy artillery shelled the Karl Marx Hof, many Americans may at last have realized that there was something hidden behind the pretty façade which they had not known before. This first shock was followed by a general awakening, when, four years later, orgies of unheard-of brutality marked the Fuehrer's "bloodless" conquest of Austria.

About a decade after Mark Twain's visit to Vienna a young uncouth fellow from Upper Austria migrated to the metropolis. He spent five years there, mostly in flophouses and soup kitchens. Adolf Hitler's descriptions of an Imperial Vienna that was not in the Baedeker are true, in part. The vast majority of the population actually lived in the overcrowded, dirty slums of the suburbs, toiling for the benefit of a small minority that enjoyed all the luxuries of life and furnished the world with the illusion of a purely Phaeacian city. Hating the wealthy Jewish bourgeoisie

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and the carefree aristocracy, Hitler did not, however, wish to change the system in order to improve it, but in order to revenge himself. Many a demoralized, cynical Viennese thought like young Hitler, during the depression of the 1920's and 30's.

The most distressing problem was not the lack of food, but the lack of housing. Attracting people from all parts of the vast monarchy, and trebling its population to two million within a few decades, Vienna had grown too fast. The possession of a house meant wealth, and the real power was not the Jews or the aristocrats, but the Hausbesitzer (house owners), most of whom belonged to the Christian middle classes. The Christian Socialist party which, under the leadership of shrewd Karl Lueger, had started as a party of Jew-baiting petits bourgeois, gradually was transformed into the organization of the house owners which concluded an armistice with the wealthy Jews, at the expense of the rest of the population, Jewish and Catholic alike. Nothing was done by the Christian Socialists to combat the alarming housing problem. In 1914, more than 400,000 homes, or about three-fourths of the whole number in the city, consisted of one or, at best, two rooms. While the imposing palaces were nearly empty, several persons often had to sleep in one bed in the proletarian districts. In 1912 the municipal shelter for the homeless received nearly 100,000 individuals, including 20,000 children!

During the revolution the Socialists came to power. Taking over in 1918, at a time of the direst distress, after the disintegration of the empire and the devaluation of the currency, they managed to turn Vienna into Europe's most progressive city, during the fifteen years of their rule. Their position was not entirely enviable. While in "Red Vienna" two-thirds of the population voted for them, rural Austria was overwhelmingly anti-Marxist.

Under the new constitution one of the nine independent states of the Federal Republic, Vienna solved its main problem in her own successful, though much-decried, manner. Through a system of graded taxation, developed by Stadtrat Hugo Breitner, now a refugee in this country, the rich minority was compelled to con-

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tribute to the welfare of the underprivileged. House-, land-, car-, and horse-owners were taxed heavily, as were bars, high class restaurants, night clubs, and shows. The financial surplus was used by Stadtrat Weber, head of the housing department, for the construction of large, hygienic apartment houses, supplied with day nurseries, mechanical laundries, auditoriums, movies, and circulating libraries.

By February, 1934, over 58,000 dwellings had been erected at a cost of over $115,000,000, and nearly one-eighth of the population was housed in municipal buildings! The opposition foamed, charging that (a) the houses were "built with stolen money"; (b) that they would "go to pieces in ten years." But in February, 1934, when these buildings were shelled by artillery, they did not crumble. Their inhabitants suffered much more heavily than the buildings, and under the rule of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, no funds were available for the construction of additional homes.

Under the Socialist city administration, Stadtrat Tandler, one of the world's greatest anatomists, was in charge of the Board of Health. Free medical care was given to children, pregnant women, the unemployed; public baths, kindergartens and spacious parks were established, educational facilities improved; a large-scale battle was waged against tuberculosis, which, aggravated by decades of poor housing, had spread widely.

Within the city, however, there were institutions, like the University, which were exempt from city jurisdiction and became breeding-places of reaction. Students from all parts of the world flocked to Vienna's famous Medical Faculty, which owed its reputation to a time long past, when Bruecke, one of the founders of modern physiology, Meynert, the pioneer of brain-localization, Zuckerkandl, the noted anatomist, and other giants taught there. But the reactionary administration of the Austrian republic did not appoint Jews or liberals as professors, no matter how great their ability. Even Sigmund Freud was never really made a regular academic teacher.

The students of all faculties, chiefly children of the middle classes or provincials, were the first Austrians to embrace Hitlerism. Bloody fights were regular phenomena in the halls of the

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university, where Nazi hoodlums chased out Jewish and socialist students as well as unpopular professors. The police stood outside the building, forbidden to interfere on account of a medieval law, which prohibited them from entering the premises, unless asked to do so by the Rector. Only when the Nazis started beating Catholic students were the police ordered to clear the house!

The government was less reluctant to use force against workers. In July, 1927, a peaceful demonstration of workers on the Ringstrasse, protesting against the acquittal of Heimwehr killers, developed into bloody street-fighting, the police shooting indiscriminately into the masses, which eventually set fire to the Court of Justice. This was the prelude to the counter-revolution, which reached its climax in February, 1934. Then the reactionary trio, Dollfuss, Starhemberg, and Fey, destroyed the bulwark of democracy that "Red" Vienna actually was, and weakened the state to such an extent that it succumbed to Nazi pressure four years later.

Foreigners are often unable to understand how people who could say "Kuess die Hand" so nicely, could turn into wild-eyed revolutionaries or, worse, into hard-hitting Nazi bandits. The answer to that puzzle is not difficult: hunger turned the trick. The number of unemployed was always considerable in the city, and it increased tremendously after the depression of 1929. However hard the Socialists tried to educate the masses, they could not prevent the rise of what Marx called "Lumpenproletariat," mob without convictions. It is difficult to determine whether this fact, and eventually the surrender of Austria, might have been prevented if the Western powers had more vigorously backed Austria and especially its anti-Fascist groups, politically as well as economically.

At any rate, crime increased alarmingly, especially acts of robbery. Many unemployed, noticing the helplessness of the Social Democracy in face of the world-wide crisis, turned to new Messiahs, like Starhemberg, or Hitler, who bought them for the price of uniforms and free meals. Some of the best elements among the Viennese were killed by the guns of the "Christian-German Corporate State" of Dollfuss in February, 1934; and

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after the Anschluss of March, 1938, others, mostly Jews and anti-Fascist leaders, emigrated. What was left in Vienna at the outbreak of this war was chiefly a demoralized, mentally poisoned, politically unreliable lot, treated by the Nazi lords worse than British Tories would treat colonials of the worst kind.

When Hitler triumphantly entered the city in March, 1938, he said to Seyss-Inquart, who had become the Reichsstatthalter of Austria in payment for his betrayal of his friend, Chancellor Schuschnigg: "I know, I am receiving a pearl from you, and I shall do my best to furnish it with the proper setting." It became clear to me what he meant by "proper setting" only when, after a long stay in a Nazi concentration camp, I returned to Vienna in the summer of 1939, before my departure for England. Its population had risen above the two million mark, although many thousands had "disappeared," or emigrated. A huge number of Germans, chiefly from Prussia, had immigrated like a swarm of locusts: party officials (the key positions were held by German Nazis, while the Austro-Nazis received only minor posts), businessmen who "acquired" Jewish-owned shops and stores for a song, and many speculators who robbed the art collections.

After the outbreak of the war, when Allied planes started bombing Berlin and other German cities, the families of top Nazis moved in. Eventually the sharp Prussian accent was probably heard more frequently in Vienna than the soft Austrian intonation. I remember fat Marshal Goering's barking in Vienna's Nordwestbahnhalle: "Vienna must be German again." This, obviously, was the Nazi method of Germanizing the city. But he lied when he used the word "again." Vienna was never a German city. It was populated by a mixture of Celts, Mongoloid tribes, Slavs, Jews, Italians, Gypsies, and other races, including a German stratum that was far from dominant. . . .

A jailbird became vice burgomaster, another chief of police. Under the Nazi rule, Vienna became a dead city. Most people walked about gloomily, as we were told by visitors from neutral Sweden. Many stores were closed, because of shortage of material, or because the owner was drafted or arrested for usury or "sabotage" (whatever that might mean), or because the owner was a

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Jew, whose property, for some reason, could not be "aryanized." A particularly large percentage of Viennese died in action during the war, but people were forbidden to wear mourning upon receiving the following notice of the death of a relative: "X.Y. was killed in action. Heil Hitler!"

Although the Viennese hated the haughty Prussians, they generally obeyed their orders. Yet Vienna's famous Heurige (wine gardens) had to be closed down because of the ceaseless quarrels between Austrian and German guests. If you asked for a street with a Reichs German accent, you could be sure you would receive a misleading answer. We used to call the Germans "Piefkes" (Boches), but the Nazis imposed a forty marks fine for the use of the word in public. Thereupon the Viennese started to call them "Mexikaner" (Mexicans), which should be read: "Meg-sie-kaner," or "Nobody likes them," in the Viennese dialect.

Under such circumstances, it was not surprising that nearly all Viennese (excepting a small group of Quislings who, if they were not killed or captured by Austrian partisans, fled to the Reich before Vienna's fall) hailed the entering Russians as liberators. This was true not only of the workers, most of whom had Socialist or Communist leanings, but even of the middle classes which, traditionally, were fervently Catholic and strongly anti-Marxist. The cowardly surrender of Vienna's Archbishop, Cardinal Innitzer, to the Nazis, and his wretched attempt to appease the foe by urging the Austrian Catholics to support Hitlerism, had not prevented the Nazis from closing down monasteries, cloisters, and Catholic schools, or from confiscating church property: Vienna's Dollfuss Memorial Church was transformed into a garage! The Nazis' stupid and brutal behavior actually paved the way for a Popular Front in Austria. Members of the Communist, Socialist, Christian Social and Farmers' parties met secretly under the very noses of the Gestapo, and blueprinted Austria's future. On April 28, hardly two weeks after Vienna's liberation, a provisional coalition government under seventy-five-year-old Dr. Karl Renner, first Chancellor of the Austrian Republic, was set up in the capital.

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The question whether the Renner Government is lawful (London and Washington had not been consulted before Renner took the step), as well as the various postwar problems of Austria — now divided into a Russian, American, British, and French zone of occupation — are beyond the scope of this article. But how did Vienna emerge from the holocaust?

The city was not as terribly wrecked by the Russian bombardments as had been feared. Still, landmarks like the famous Opera House and Burgtheater suffered considerably. Food is scarce in the capital, yet there exists a flourishing black market, where a pound of butter costs the equivalent of $60, a pound of lard $75, a pound of coffee $100, and three yards of cloth $300! By the end of June Vienna's schools were still closed, there was no gas, and only a few street cars were operating.

On the other hand, many legitimate theaters and motion picture theaters were open again, the Burgtheater having moved into the Ronacher Theater, the Opera into the building of the Popular Opera. And while there is hardly enough bread available for all, the Viennese can hear all of their own music again. In the Konzerthaus, the world-famous Philharmonic Orchestra started to play again. On June 3, Gustav Mahler's First Symphony was heard for the first time in seven years (the Nazis had prohibited Mahler's music because the composer was Jewish). The concert was opened with the unveiling of a plaque bearing the following inscription: "In memory of the historical date of the revival of Gustav Mahler's music in Vienna."

What could not be revived were the ten thousands of Viennese Jews who perished at Maidanek, Buchenwalde, Dachau, Theresienstadt and other horror camps, and the legions of young Viennese killed for Hitler's glory on the battlefields of Norway, France, the Balkans and Russia. It will require years to decontaminate Vienna's soil and air, and to restore its gay spirit. The city's present administration, headed by its First Burgomaster, ex-general Theodor Koerner (an old Social Democrat who is a descendant of Theodor Koerner, the heroic poet of 1813), is slowly getting matters in hand. Incidentally, the Russians' suggestion of aiding Vienna by establishing the permanent secre-

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tariat of the United Nations Security Organization in Austria's capital, sounds very reasonable. In the first place, the mere fact of making Vienna headquarters of the new League of Nations would provide Austria with a sense of security that would encourage the Austrians to develop their independence. Secondly, the Russians seem to realize that, whatever may have happened in the past, Vienna will still be the "heart of Europe," and that it might become, in a rejuvenated, democratic, peaceful Europe, what it should always have been: the continent's spiritual, intellectual, and artistic center.

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Will Peace Be Endurable?

James Bryan

ON Earth, Peace. . . ."

A vast structure of international agreements and consultative machinery is being erected to secure a "just and durable peace." Yet with all our prayers and plans, scant consideration has been given the simple underlying fact that an enduring peace must be an endurable peace — endurable to the human animal.

We are talking hopefully, even confidently, about abolishing an institution as ancient as the race itself. We are planning to eradicate one of man's oldest and most celebrated methods of avoiding boredom, of expressing his tribal solidarity, of dramatizing his inarticulate idealism, of satisfying his craving for danger, and of demonstrating his distaste for the excessive domesticity of modern industrial life.

It is a bold dream — this dream of peace. Our only hope of success lies in our facing the facts of human psychology, as we are beginning to face the facts of international politics and economics.

A new world order must take account of the unquenchable pugnacity of mankind. If peace is not to require continual enforcement and re-enforcement, we must find ways of sublimating humanity's ancient drives into channels of expression more constructive than waging war. To obliterate war, we must create a new kind of peace — a better peace than we have ever known before. Peacetime life must be so organized that most people

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will find peace less boring than war. To state the case more positively, men must be able to find in peaceful pursuits the same satisfaction, the same opportunity for sacrifice, the same outlet for idealistic emotion as, till now, only war has been able to provide them. Granted, these satisfactions are largely illusory, except for those who can "sit out" a modern war at a safe distance. The illusions melt away in the fire of actual war experience, but they reappear as the memory of its futile horrors recedes.

Let us begin by facing one of the most important social facts of our times.

Our modern industrial society is so organized — or disorganized — that only in time of war are all men united in the service of a supreme common purpose. Hence, in great part, the unique fascination, the paradoxical exultation of war for modern man. This conscious devotion to a common cause, more compelling by far than any of our private designs, is the essential ingredient of a good society.

There was a time in the early days of the Republic, when Americans were devoted to great purposes — united in a great adventure. But now we have relegated the "American Dream" to the dreamers and dissenters. "Practical" men have been otherwise engaged. Acquisitiveness has been raised to the status of a national ideal. Our dominant ideology has for its keystone the long-since-exploded theory that what is profitable for the profit seeker is good for the commonwealth. America today looks for its living ideals, its moral values — not to its churches, not to its artists and philosophers — but to the National Association of Manufacturers.

Hitler's war against the human spirit — our war *for* the human spirit (if the war has any meaning at all) — was made inevitable not so much by Hitler's evil intent as by our own moral bankruptcy — our incredible lethargy in the face of the ideas he exemplified. The dimensions of the catastrophe were amplified partly by our military weakness, but more largely by our inability to offer any comprehensible design for creative living to oppose the ideals of slavery and death which fascism sought to impose upon our world.

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II

What has the human spirit to look forward to now? Will the suffering of these years of retribution be sufficient to teach us the inevitable lesson of our day — that, for better or for worse, we are all members one of another?

We Americans have two great tasks before us in the postwar era. The first is to help organize a society of nations that will be able to deal effectively with the unavoidable crises of war and peace. If we are to play our part, we shall need all the political idealism and sense of destiny that distinguished the Founders of our country.

Our other main task is to create within our own borders a functioning society of free men. To do so, we must first reduce the industrial system to human purposes. We shall have rescued civilization from the threat of world fascism chiefly through our mastery of machine technique, through our matchless industrial productivity — *when* that technique is harnessed to a supreme common purpose.

With the war over, our main problems (such as the maintenance of "full employment," "reconversion," "monopolies," etc.) will all revolve around the question whether this industrial giant — by all odds the dominant element in American life — is to continue to serve us for some social purpose, or is to revert to its prewar status as an instrument primarily devoted to the service of irresponsible financial power. Can we humanize this industrial machine, or will it go on dehumanizing us? Must our industrial order continue to deprive the mass of its producers of all sense of social purpose? Must it continue to use every medium of communication to vulgarize and manipulate human desires for special purposes?

Unless we have an industrial system that serves human purposes at home, we cannot hope to use our economic power abroad in a constructive effort to rebuild other nations and to help other peoples to set up peaceful economies of their own.

These two major challenges are therefore mutually dependent. We cannot face the outer world with a strong, constructive policy unless we have an integral society at home.

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How can we create a spirited industrial society in America — one able to compete after the war, in material production and in dynamic ideology, with the world's other great young societies in Russia and in China? How can we reorient our industrial order so that it will offer not merely a job, but a challenge and a sense of responsible participation in the work of their times to the millions of men and women who have been training and working together these last few years?

To fancy that we can solve the *basic* problems of the industrial society merely by dispensing "social security" is monstrous charlatanry. A functioning society of free men will be created not by relieving men of risks and responsibilities, but by making certain that every man shall have his full share of the social burdens and benefits of his day. To abolish the fear of war, famine, unemployment and poverty in old age is elementary social sanitation — on a par with the abolition of polluted water or contaminated milk.

But to look upon social insurance as a liberator of human energy would be fatal to a free society. What men chiefly hunger for on this cold little planet is *not to be free of want*, but something important that *they may urgently and hopefully want!*

The society that deprives most of its members of a sense of responsibility and purpose in their daily lives is no society at all. It is a mass of rootless, rudderless individuals, ripe for the sirens from right or left who will exploit the basest impulses of the mass, either for bloody aggression or for craven security. This is the soil in which fascism and communism sow their whirlwinds.

The war has demonstrated beyond all doubt that the ordinary man demands more of life than social security or private success. To millions of working people in the industrialized countries, the war — despite its horror and sacrifices — has provided a profound psychological satisfaction. It has given the industrial worker a new kind of recognition in society, a great and necessary job — necessary not merely to produce profits for his boss, but to produce arms for his brothers-in-arms.

The war has been supported primarily by the working classes, upon whom its hardships have fallen most severely. This point was illustrated again and again in Spain, England, Yugoslavia,

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Greece. Always it was the laboring classes who called for action against the fascists. They it was who killed appeasement, who bridged the chasms of moral isolationism that separated the common people of each country from their brothers in other lands. In the United States, labor was the chief support of those who sought to prepare us for the inevitable conflict.

In weighing our chances for a durable peace, then, we have to take account of this major political fact: that *peace has a tendency to become unendurable*, and that war, on the other hand, may come to have an unconscious psychological appeal for those whose conditions of work and life deprive them of a sense of responsible participation in the normal peacetime functions of society.

III

We have said that modern industrial society has deprived the mass of our people of social purpose and function. This is an old theme. It was elaborated by Fourier, the nineteenth-century French economist; later it was the subject of considerable comment by William James; and most recently it has been exhaustively demonstrated by Mr. Peter Drucker in his volume *The Future of Industrial Man*. In the discussion that follows, we are indebted to all three of these writers.

Our present organization of mass production — in fact, our acceptance of mass production as a value in itself — denies the existence of an individual with a social function. The individual, as such, is not supposed to exist, for the aims and techniques of industry require standardized, interchangeable units of labor, without individuality, without individual purpose. In Drucker's phrase, the worker is only a "sloppily designed machine." He is not expected — except in time of war — to concern himself in the least with the end purpose of the enterprise in which he works. He has no direct, conscious interest either in the primary purpose of his plant, to produce a profit for the stockholders, or in its secondary purpose, to make a useful product.

The worker's lack of recognized status in the industrial society is most clearly revealed by his plight when unemployed. He is then socially disenfranchised. Society has no use for him. His

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skills are lost, his morale disappears, he shrinks from all social activity.

To find productive work with which to prevent or to remedy unemployment is not enough. "Made work" will keep the worker alive, but it only makes more obvious his lack of status in a social order which cannot even protect his place at the machine at a time when his fellow consumers desperately need all he can produce.

The man who owns the enterprise is the first-class citizen, a full-fledged member of our industrial society. The man who works, but does not own, is a second-class citizen. He has no secure tenure in his job, no claim to a share in the profits of the enterprise, no interest in its end purposes, either financial or functional.

Let us examine, momentarily, the legitimacy of present-day stock ownership. The corporation is the representative unit of industrial society. But the managerial power of the larger modern industries is no longer based unequivocally upon the property rights of ownership. Management has become largely original power.

One of the chief attractions of stock over other forms of property is the fact that the owner, the stockholder, is not expected to exert any of the usual rights or duties of property ownership. In most instances the stockholder is both unable and unwilling to exercise his legal sovereignty or to learn about the problems and purposes of the management. His sole annual function as an owner, in most cases, is to sign away his rights, by proxy, to someone else. Ownership is now largely divorced from management.

As the modern corporation has evolved, stockholdings have come to represent merely legally protected rights to participate in whatever profits may result from the exercise of property rights by someone else. Actually, the stockholder regards the management as the real sovereign, as though it owned the corporation.

Drucker recalls that more than ten years ago, Owen D. Young proposed that the stockholder be deprived of his legal property title, that property rights be vested in management and that the stockholder be paid a "wage" for the use of his money.

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As the corporation becomes an autonomous social entity, the issue between capitalism and socialism is rendered meaningless. Basic political issues now center on the question of the *control*, rather than the ownership of industrial property.

We no longer talk so much about the *private property* system. We are more concerned with "free enterprise" and "private initiative"! Likewise, the socialists have changed their motto from "expropriation" of all means of production to "social planning."

A further consequence of the separation of ownership from the management and control of productive property, as suggested by Mr. Drucker, will be a more secure establishment of the right of individual ownership of *personal* property. He cites as an analogy the fact that religious freedom became a universally granted right only when religion was divorced from political power, and he concludes that the recognition of personal property as devoid of social power will finally exempt personal property from all radical attack. This should be heartening to those of us who believe in the real values, as distinguished from the anti-social assumptions, of the capitalist system.

Thus, we find our economy split into two parts: one, a *real* economy of going concerns; two, a *symbol* economy resting upon obsolete theories as to the actual functions of corporate property ownership. Legitimate social power in industrial society is passing from the exclusive hands of ownership.

To whom, then, is it passing? How and where can legitimate social power be re-established?

The answer, it seems to me, will be found in a new orientation of both management and labor. Both legitimate power for management, and purposeful function and social status for the working citizen, will come into being only when management and labor are liberated from their present subservience to the financial market. Both must be released to serve their natural purpose as *producers of goods*. They must be welded together in their obvious common function. Social profit will then take precedence over the unrequited profit now paid as tribute to what are principally speculative, non-functioning owners. The industrial machine will be reduced to the service and needs of mankind.

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IV

We come now to another point of argument for the reconstitution of our industrial society in order to make it comprehensible and satisfying to the individual. For this insight we are indebted both to Fourier and to William James. More than one hundred years ago, the French economist perceived that the factory system was brutalizing the worker, depriving him of any sense of responsible participation in the social purposes of factory enterprise, and leaving him at loose ends with the society of his day. To quote Lewis Mumford, "He [Fourier] proposed to create industrial armies of youths and maidens who 'instead of devastating thirty provinces in a campaign . . . will have spanned thirty rivers with bridges, rewooded thirty barren mountains, dug thirty trenches for irrigation and drained thirty marshes.'"

In his famous essay, "A Moral Equivalent for War," William James explored the need for society to develop some psychological surrogate for the spiritual excitement which only war — till now — has been able to generate. In the thirty-five years since James wrote his classic piece, two world wars of mounting horror have shaken Western civilization to its foundations.

"All the qualities of a man acquire dignity when he knows that the service of the collectivity . . . needs them. . . . No collectivity is like an army for nourishing [a man's] pride; but it has to be confessed that the only sentiment which the image of pacific cosmopolitan industrialism is capable of arousing in countless worthy breasts is shame at the idea of belonging to *such* a collectivity." So declared William James in 1910, just as one Adolf Hitler was coming of age.

Drucker points out that fascism and communism are merely attempts to solve a universal problem of western civilization — the problem of the industrial society. Nazism attempted to develop a functioning industrial society on the basis of human slavery and political conquest. *Our* task is to create such a society on the basis of human freedom and political pacification.

Hitler solved the problem of significance for the common man by putting him into uniform, black or brown, and enlisting all his

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energies in a crusade of hate and tragedy. Is war, or the regimentation preparatory to war, the only conceivable way to give the average man a sense of social purpose?

Mr. James felt (and two World Wars have borne him out) that it was futile to hope for an endurable peace until the peacetime activities of ordinary men can be made as significant as wartime service. His remedy — reminiscent of Fourier's, and startling enough for his time — was to conscript all youths for a number of years in a war against nature: to work in mines, on the railroads, and on farms, where they would serve a sort of social apprenticeship, preparatory to the status of full citizenship in an industrial democracy. Such training, rather than universal military service, James felt, would transmute the military ideals of hardihood and discipline to constructive purposes, and would acquaint each generation at first hand with "the permanently sour and hard foundations of the higher life."

James's remedy might suffice for the children of the leisure classes and the "white collar" workers. But it fails to take account of the industrial worker, whose social plight seems to require some further treatment.

We must obviously begin with the development of a conscious, avowed partnership between the managers and the workers. Essentially this is merely a problem in the development of scientific industrial management, balanced by the application of democratic ideals. In the past twenty years there has been an encouraging growth of interest and experiment in the field of labor-management cooperation. The development of professionalism in the attitude of management, its increasing interest in "labor relations" and in scientific personnel management; the establishment of management-labor committees and the tremendous expansion of their scope in meeting the urgent problems of war production (*Fortune* reported recently that 70 per cent of American employers now endorse these committees) — these are all straws in a favorable wind. They show that management, at least, is beginning to recognize the rightful and necessary interest of labor in every phase and problem of production.

The owning interests, however, especially of the larger enter-

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prises, are too remote from the facts of industrial life — too preoccupied with speculative profit — to appreciate the need to transfer management's primary allegiance from ownership and finance to the *functioning* personnel and purposes of the enterprise.

We must decentralize industry and build local self-government in the industrial world. At all costs, we must oppose the tendency toward monopoly and the cartel in industrial control. We should guarantee an autonomous existence to each industrial unit big enough or comprehensive enough to make a finished product. The workers must be made to feel that they are partners in an important cooperative effort. They should be able to take personal pride in contributing to the creation of a worthy product.

Owners should be guaranteed a rent for their money and new or risk capital should have a fair share in both the profits and the losses. Those who contribute their working days to the enterprise should be able to accumulate, by that investment alone, a palpable equity in the ownership — a concrete interest in the destiny of the corporation.

This process involves something more than, and something essentially different from, the conciliation of management and labor. It would be in fact an act of marriage, whereby management, now effectively (though not legally) divorced from ownership in the typical corporation, would plight its troth anew, this time to its natural mate and partner — the working man.

This way lies hope for the future. It will preserve our essential unity as a people. It will reverse the present tendency toward political division along economic class lines. It will save us from the postwar social disintegration that threatens when the common urgency of wartime is dissipated. It will give our returning veterans a new and well-earned consciousness of belonging to the society they have been fighting for. It will save the displaced war worker from the sense of rootless insecurity that must be his when he loses at one time both his job and the social incentive of wartime service. It will present a new opportunity for the selfless devotion in which youth perennially serves best and happiest.

America will then be not just a corporation, but a partnership. And peace will be more durable because it will be more endurable.

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The American Scholar Forum

THE FUTURE OF REGIONAL PLANNING

The Scientific Method in Human Affairs

Walter Rautenstrauch

A majority of people regard science as having to do wholly with physics, chemistry, engineering and medicine. Its application to politics, government, business and social relations has never received the consideration it warrants. Yet an understanding of the nature of the scientific method reveals clearly its applicability to human affairs.

The scientific method is used when judgment is based on measurement, and not on guesses, rumors, beliefs, or appearances. For thousands of years, it was believed that the sun moved around the earth because it appeared to do so. But when the scientist *measured* the relative movements of the earth and the sun, he discovered the reverse — that the earth moved around the sun.

The scientific method is a measuring method. It is the method by which the "facts in the case" are weighed. It is the method which uses "facts" as the basis of judgments. Since science is based on measurement, any situation which can be treated by the use of units, methods and means of measurement has reached its highest possibility of development in the matter of scientific treatment. Of course, if the wrong units are used, and the methods and means used are not applicable to the situation, the whole procedure may *look* very scientific, but it is not. *The scientific method will not tolerate anything that is false,* whatever the intentions of those who try to use it.

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It should also be recognized that the scientific method may be applied to the phenomena of human behavior, and that the scientist is able to measure some kinds of human reactions. But so far, the kinds of measurements which may be made in this field are for the most part *relative* and not absolute. A relative measurement is one which associates a given *kind* of behavior with a given *kind* of environment. It is not absolute in the sense of *how much.* For example, it is a well demonstrated fact that fear (for which there is no unit of quantitative measurement) will cause many specifically determinable body changes (some of which can be measured) and that the relationship between fear and these changes is always positive. Fear then is a *kind of force* which can be depended upon to produce specific *kinds* of reactions.

Any procedure in planning which neglects the human emotions is unscientific because *the scientific method demands the consideration of all the factors affecting a given situation.* Planning a way to live together certainly involves consideration of human emotions. It is not true, as many people seem to believe, that the scientific treatment of a subject means a treatment that is cold, impersonal and harsh.

The scientist measures quantities (how much) and qualities (what kind) and the relationships between forces — that is, how one *tends* to behave with respect to the other. These tendencies may be measured *quantitatively* in some cases and only *qualitatively* in others. How does the scientist go about making such measurements? What are some of the methods he uses, especially

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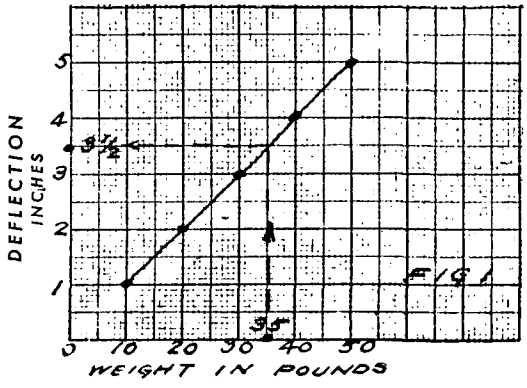
in measuring trends and relationships?

A usual method employed for measuring relationships is that of charting observations. For example, suppose it is desired to know the relation between the amount of weight put on a given coiled spring and the corresponding amount of deflection in inches. The measurement is made by putting different known weights on the spring, observing the number of inches of deflection with each weight, and plotting the results. Such an experiment with a given spring may lead to the following observations:

When the weight in pounds is	The deflection in inches is
10	1
20	2
30	3
40	4
50	5

A piece of paper is ruled as shown in the accompanying figure, and each observation is plotted as follows: on the lower "scale," weight in pounds, locate the reading 10, then follow the line upward and make a mark on the horizontal line passing through the number 1 on the deflection "scale" to the left of the chart. Follow the same procedure for relating the weight 20 pounds to the deflection 2 inches, and so on. Connect the five points with a line. By this means the relationship between any load between 10 and 50 pounds and the resulting deflection in inches, can be *predicted*, for this spring or any other spring made exactly like it in material and dimensions. For example, it can be stated that if the load should be 35 pounds, the deflection will be 3½ inches.



This prediction is made by locating the number 35 on the weight scale, tracing upward a line (dotted as shown) and when the slanting line connecting the points is reached, tracing from there to the left a horizontal line (dotted as shown) and reading the number (3½) which it meets on the deflection scale.

In using the above relationship to predict what deflection will result from a given load, you will note that the load (35) chosen for illustration was *between* 10 and 50 pounds. Can the chart be used to predict the deflection resulting when a load *greater* than 50 pounds is applied? Does the trend shown hold true *beyond* the range of observation? It may, and then again it may not. It depends on the length of the spring, for one thing, and on the range of elasticity of the material of which the spring is made. It is known from experience that a given spring, when stretched *beyond a certain amount*, will not deflect uniformly — that is, equal amounts for equal additional weights. This point can be determined by experiment, but the fact in this case is that it *was not* determined. Hence the behavior of the spring when loaded more than 50 pounds *cannot* be confidently predicted from the known facts. Any prediction in this matter would be a guess which might or might not give the correct answer.

This is very important, for the incorrect use of data and the incorrect interpretation of the range over which a given observed relationship between the data holds, has led to some serious errors in predicting probable future events. Unfortunately these errors have been made by important individuals — important in the sense that their decisions affected the lives of so many people.

For example, after the first World War the business of all corporations in the United States increased at a high rate, and from 1921 to 1929 the gross annual income of all corporations in the United States climbed steadily. A chart plotted to show the relation of gross income to years, and hence the trend of gross income with respect to time, would have led a businessman to believe that annual gross incomes for the next three years might safely be predicted by extending

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the line formed from the two "scales" involved, while maintaining the same curvature.

This, of course, is substantially what many "practical" businessmen did — having little patience with "theorists," especially college professors, who tried to tell them that the condition of business was not related to *time*, but was dependent on the economic forces that were acting during the time under review. When these theorists pointed out that economic conditions were unsound and that the line should not be extended because the "spring" had lost its elasticity by being stretched too far — there were few to listen. What actually happened is, of course, a familiar story — but also an excellent example of the danger involved in predicting relationships *beyond* those observed (when the relationships are functional, as illustrated in Fig. 1), since such relationships have limits. The scientific method is therefore concerned among other things with functional, or cause and effect, relationships, and with the limits of relationships.

Another outstanding trait of the scientific method is that it classifies and compares things and events by their *dominant* or *controlling* characteristics and not by their superficial appearances. One way in which the scientist determines this distinction is by comparing things according to their usefulness for a given purpose. *The scientific method for judging relative values is based on the comparison of significant differences.* How does the scientist determine what is significant? By weighing *all* factors in a situation and determining the *relation of each to the whole situation.* He does not use one factor alone in determining relative values.

At the present time there are many plans for social betterment being proposed. Many of these plans are alike in the statement of their objectives. In that respect there is no choice among them. The scientific mind, however, will compare these proposals on the basis of the methods and means specified for attaining the objectives. It is here that he finds the significant differences in the several proposals. All the plans are alike as to their objectives, but they differ in their methods and means, and therefore they differ in their possibilities of reaching their objectives. The scientist always judges the possibility of ends to be attained by the methods and means to be employed.

Among the fundamental principles of the scientific method is the one that conditions must be judged by the use of adequate samples. The scientific method of reasoning from the particular to the general is based on the use of typical or adequate samples, which will fairly represent a majority of cases. This principle is particularly important when the problem — as is true of many social and economic ones — cannot be solved 100 per cent.

The scientist's over-all concern is with the development of theories about *how* matter and people and systems behave, and *why* they behave as they do. He is also concerned with using the theories he develops to predict what will happen under certain specific circumstances. He bases his plans or designs on theories of how the several elements of which the plans or designs are to be made, will behave in relation to each other. When he makes a number of plans or designs according to certain theories and they are found to be workable, the theories are said to be practical because experience in their use proves that they work.

Of course, the scientist is often confronted with the problem of making plans of a kind which have never been made before. What does he do then? He examines the problem and tries first to discover *what* it is that is to be accomplished. Then he asks himself *how* it can be accomplished. In endeavoring to answer the question *how*, he perhaps evolves several theories, before selecting the one which in his judgment has the best chance of bringing about the result desired. By a judicious combination of hypothesis and experiment, he is eventually able to test thoroughly this plan, and to revise it in accordance with the basic principles of the scientific method.

Perhaps one reason that we have not advanced very far toward living on a higher social level, and that we still fight each other and carry on wars, is that we have not adopted the scientific method for solving our social and economic problems. We need to develop theories about how people can live

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together peaceably and work together for the best utilization of their natural resources and creative powers; and in the testing of these theories we need to live experimentally. That is, we must study the relation of the social and economic disturbances experienced to the results anticipated, and then revise our theories and our programs for social action accordingly. This means planning, experimenting, studying results, and making better plans for getting better results. It does not mean making *a plan* for living.

The plan of the first automobile has long been forgotten. Hundreds of plans, each one better than the one before, have been made since the first automobile was constructed. Each succeeding plan was based on a more complete theory, derived from experience with earlier plans which were based on less fully developed theories. Today the theories of automobile operation and manufacture are so fully perfected, with regard to each part and to the whole, that performance and cost of manufacture can be predicted long before the machinery for the factory to use in making them has been assembled.

Now there is more to this illustration than appears on the surface. Anyone familiar with the development of the automobile knows that it was not brought to its present state of perfection by the engineer developing a theory of carburetor performance, a theory of spring action, a theory of conversion of the heat of explosion into mechanical energy, etc. — each part by itself without regard to its *relationship* to the other parts with which its action was associated. The correct theory of operation of any part was not based on any "vested" right which that part had, but rather on the service the part rendered to the whole. *It is fundamental to the scientific method of solving problems that no part of a problem can be solved by itself.* And in this connection, it is inevitable that the scientist, usually a specialist, must solve complex problems by working in cooperation with other experts.

Working together with others, all others who are interested and have special knowledge of some part, is a fundamental principle of the scientific method. By this means the scientific method becomes a learning method which not only results in the solving of complex problems but also in each expert's learning more about his own problems, because he comes to understand the relation of his work and his theories to the work and the theories of others. It, therefore, results not only in the making of better plans but also in the development of better people.

Successful working *together* demands that each one participating in the work must have an objective point of view, that is, he must be committed to seeking the truth. *The scientific method is therefore a moral method*, in the sense that it must rest on truth-seeking, honest expressions of opinions, and the giving and taking of criticisms. Scientific workers must be honest with themselves and honest with others, or they cannot successfully work together or discover the truth they are seeking. Accordingly, any planning which involves the preservation and development of human values must be based on the scientific method because that is the method by which people learn from each other and become better people in the process of learning.

This is equally true in terms of public affairs. To transpose the language and practice of industry to this realm — our municipal governments, state legislatures, and the national congress and all their duly appointed agencies are entrusted with forging new tools of public administration and are responsible for devising economic and social inventions for the purpose of adapting the complex machinery of living to the simple and basic needs of life. It is maintained that creating the tools of public administration and inventing new economic and social devices are not *wholly* a matter of concern for the experts. They are also matters of concern for the citizens who must use and live by the use of the tools and the inventions which the experts devise for their benefit.

When the tools of administration begin to be designed by any one group, the seeds of Fascism are planted. One of the important problems of our governing bodies, therefore, is to bring the experts and the citizens together, so that each may make his contribution toward solving the new economic and social problems of our growing

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and developing society. This is the basis for democratic action.

The legislative function is therefore, first, one of integration or of "bringing together," and, second, one of enacting into law those measures which the *combined* skills of the experts and experiences of the citizens indicate will most probably bring to pass the social and economic results desired. The crux of the problem "of bringing together" is one of organization — that is, of the method by which it is done. It is important to note that the tools of public administration cannot be successfully fashioned by the experts alone, and that those who say that the problems of our economy — such as taxation, railroad and other utilities regulations, social security and hundreds of others — are problems for the expert to solve, are advocating a policy which is very dangerous to the safety of our republic. It is, furthermore, at variance with the scientific method — since it excludes the important factor of participation by those who are in daily contact with and must live by the results of the application of the tools of administration.

The scientific method, in public as well as in private affairs, *is a cooperative method* in that it seeks to focus both the skill of the expert and the practical experience of the citizens or workers on how the work should be done, and what tools of administration should be fashioned for doing it. Finally, in all scientifically organized social relationships, all the economic and social actions devised must be not only designed *cooperatively* but their administration must be *coordinated* to act in balanced and harmonious relationships.

As the scientist is brought into more frequent contact with the problems of society, and his methods for solving problems are more generally applied in human affairs, a more perfectible type of human organization will follow. So also, as the citizen is more intimately associated with the scientist, both the scientist and the citizen become better informed on the problems they are trying to solve and the effectiveness of the means by which they are trying to solve them.

Because the scientific method deals intelligently with the evidence on which data (sometimes erroneously called "facts") are accepted as valid, because it proceeds to measure or "weigh" acceptable data, because it is a learning process, a moral process, a cooperative process, a coordinating process — because it is all these things, it is the only method by which human society can effectively plan its affairs. Its use results in better *humans* as well as in a better society.

Some Social Aspects of TVA

James A. Dombrowski

The Tennessee River describes a great horseshoe, one end lying in the northeast corner of Tennessee where it meets Virginia and North Carolina, the other end in Kentucky where Paducah marks the confluence of the Tennessee and the Ohio Rivers. The bend rests in northern Alabama, cutting close to the northwestern corner of Georgia and slicing off a corner of Mississippi.

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In its course, first south, then west and north, the river, with its tributaries, flows a thousand miles. The valley, with a population of 4½ million persons, covers 26 million acres in seven states, an area larger than England and Scotland. In 1940 the total population of the seven states which lie mostly or partly in the Tennessee Valley was 20,151,344. Fourteen million acres of the valley area, 54 per cent, are covered by woodland containing more than 100 commercial types of trees. Industries dependent upon this woodland provide work for one out of twelve employed persons in the valley. In 1930 77.6 per cent of the population was

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rural, and 73 out of 121 counties had no urban communities.

The region drained by the Tennessee River has one of the heaviest rainfalls in the United States. For an area so dependent upon agriculture and forest industries, water falling on the earth or flowing in the streams should be looked upon as an ally. But only twelve short years ago the Tennessee River was a roaring, dangerous enemy, carrying away the precious topsoil, inundating the cities, destroying life and property, and spreading famine and disease. Today the river, harnessed and controlled, is a calm and beneficent friend. The tamed river, in the words of Senator Lister Hill, one of TVA's staunchest friends, has begun to "file away the shackles of sickness and illiteracy." The story of that taming is one of the epics of modern America.

It is impossible now to assess fairly the social results of such a bold experiment, for until now TVA has been in its construction stage. It is only a matter of months since the water was impounded behind the last dam. But the heroic accomplishments in these twelve years of building give rich promise for the future, if the present policies are continued, and especially if Congress continues to give TVA the same freedom of action it has enjoyed in the past.

Resource Development in its "Entirety"

More significant perhaps than any single physical achievement of the TVA is the fact that for the first time in history *all of the resources* of a watershed have been developed as an entirety. A combination of the skill, imagination and ingenuity of modern man — technical, social and administrative — has been concentrated on a single region with a view to *conserving* as well as *developing* all the resources for the benefit of the people of that region and of the nation. What this means now and for future generations may be appreciated by comparison with practices that have obtained in the past. Consider for example copper, coal and phosphate, three of the region's mineral resources.

To reach Copperhill and Ducktown in the copper basin of Tennessee, you take U. S. Highway 64 from Chattanooga to Murphy, N. C. Every high school student might well be required to take a field trip over that highway as an object lesson in the need for multiple-resource development as practiced by TVA. When copper operations started years ago, the hardwood forests for a distance of seven miles were cut to provide fuel for the smelter furnaces. Sulphur fumes from company stacks killed all cover and grass, leaving bare hillsides now gutted by erosion, with twenty- and thirty-foot ditches. The Great Smoky Mountains make a background of impressive grandeur to accentuate the horror of the copper basin's Martian landscape, the nearest thing we know to a waking nightmare. Copper is invaluable in a power age, but it has been bought here with too high a price. The forests, soil, even the lungs of the miners who went down into the earth were forgotten in the haste to extract that single resource.

The Cumberland Plateau holds many abandoned mining towns, mute symbols of the travesty of one-resource-development. Grundy County, Tennessee, is an example of a mountain county once rich in timber and coal. In the 1930's, ninety years of intensive "development" of the county's two major resources had resulted in the depletion of the coal and timber, with *80 per cent* of the county's employables eligible for WPA relief.

Phosphate is found in quantity in only three places in the United States — in middle Tennessee, in Florida, and in a region centering around Idaho. When applied to the land, especially when combined with lime, phosphate performs apparent miracles of fertility; truly it is one of the best "friends of the soil." Yet the strip mining methods used by private industry in Tennessee to extract phosphate ore are turning many acres of good farming land into a barren waste. This is like killing Joe in the hope of healing Jim.

Health

A good example of TVA's multiple resource-development program, which takes into its purview total resources, including the human beings making use of such resources, is the malaria control department of the TVA Health and Safety Department. It was natural for TVA to develop what is perhaps the world's most important research work on

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malaria, one of the South's most insidious diseases. In one textile area, after a malaria control project was initiated, production jumped one-third. The making of 901 square miles of lakes in a malarial region carried with it the responsibility of tackling the job of malaria control. TVA has done the job with its usual thoroughness. A program was initiated calling for the building of pumping stations, dyking, filling, draining, dusting of lake shores from airplanes, moving four million cubic feet of earth, control of the water level during breeding season, and the testing of 2,600 drugs in a search for antimalarial drugs, as well as many other research and control activities. The results of TVA's researches in this field, as in so many others, have been put to good use by our forces overseas.

Recreation

Another striking example of TVA's broad resource development program is its attention to the rich possibilities of the region for the development of a recreation industry. It is rather a pleasant thought that the Southern Appalachian area, where even a meager existence requires such strenuous labor, may some day boast of one of the world's famous recreation centers. Already a big contributor to regional income, recreation may become one of the biggest industries in the region. Where is there any mountain area to compare with the Smokies, when the wild azalea, laurel and rhododendron are in bloom? All it needed was lake areas for swimming, fishing, and boating. The TVA has supplied that deficiency, and generously, with the "Great Lakes of the South" covering almost a million square miles. There are many who believe that in time they will rival the famous English and Italian lakes.

TVA has cooperated with state, county and municipal park and conservation agencies, some of which it assisted in establishing twenty-seven parks. It has leased lakeshore land, and furnished technical assistance. Scenic freeways have been built, picnic areas provided, group camps constructed, and fifty-two boat docks built on the reservoirs. TVA encourages private recreation developments and services, which add income to the region. These services are needed to attract visitors to the valley, intrigue them to stay longer and come again. On the 600,000 acres of fishing waters, rapidly becoming a sportsman's paradise, more than six million pounds of edible fish are taken every year. 15,000 acres of land and water have been allocated for state game refuges.

The TVA, in addition to giving the nation its greatest power system, is helping to make possible one of the nation's finest playgrounds, where the body and spirit may be refreshed through close association with nature. Hence it supplies the deepest meaning of "re-creation," especially valuable and necessary in the machine-power age.

Farmers

The ill health of the Southern region was dramatized anew by the figures of the Selective Service Boards. Every other Southern boy among the draftees was rejected, as against one in three in non-Southern states, 49.6 per cent compared to 35.6 per cent. These figures and the high incidence in the South of diseases caused by diet deficiencies have a positive relationship to the soil. "The soil," according to Dr. Jonathan Forman, editor of the Ohio State Medical Journal, "controls the body. Human deficiencies point the way back to the soil, not to the drug store."

Disastrous methods used in the extraction industries in the South also have been current for generations in the "mining" of the soil. Year after year Southern farmers have been growing cotton, draining the soil of its minerals and fertility, forcing the cotton with nitrate fertilizer which contributed nothing to the restoration of the soil's fertility, and letting the soil under row crops lie unprotected from leeching and erosion.

Food grown on soil deficient in necessary minerals may look good, but it will not grow strong and healthy bodies. Scientists such as Charles Van Hise have been warning the nation for thirty-five years of the threat to the nation in the depletion of soil phosphates. President Roosevelt in a message to Congress in 1936 said: "I cannot overemphasize the importance of this key element [phosphate] not only to agriculture and soil conservation

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but also to the physical health and economic security of the people."

The TVA solution for the Southern farmer was to help him grow his own nitrates. Phosphate will grow legumes such as clover, alfalfa, lespedeza, vetch. Tiny nodules on the roots of these plants enable them to take nitrogen from the air and impart it to the soil. One pound of phosphorus used in fertilizer to grow legumes may result in four or five pounds of nitrogen in the soil. Furthermore, the legumes save the top soil from washing.

At Muscle Shoals, TVA engineers developed an electrical process for making high-analysis phosphatic fertilizer from ore found in middle Tennessee, thus employing satisfactorily for the first time low grade ores. Commercial nitrate fertilizers often contained only 16 per cent of organic matter, the balance being inert material. TVA developed a phosphatic fertilizer, "Metaphos," with almost 65 per cent available plant food. The savings in bagging, handling and transportation, a big factor in low concentrate fertilizer costs, are considerable — an important economy to the farmer.

This new phosphatic fertilizer was offered to "demonstration" farmers free, except for the transportation from Muscle Shoals, on the condition that they would work the farm according to modern methods, with the help of experts. The phosphate was to be used for sod crops and not cash row crops. Twenty thousand of these "demonstration farmers" have increased their production of vitally needed food and dairy products by one-third. And not only the valley but the entire United States and England have benefited from this new "white magic." It may well be that generations from now TVA's work on this entire problem of the soil, man's most valuable resource, may be regarded as TVA's greatest contribution to human welfare.

Labor

TVA has given the valley an impressive demonstration of the tangible benefits to be derived from a policy of collective bargaining carried out in good faith. The first TVA Board of Directors set this policy. Its initial direction was in the hands of Claire Killen, onetime vice-president of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, and TVA's first director of labor relations. Mr. Killen did not require that a man belong to a union, but applicants were asked if they held union membership and were told there was no objection by management to such membership. Ninety per cent joined a union.

A contract was signed by TVA management and the Tennessee Valley Trades and Labor Council, composed of representatives of the fifteen building and metal trades on the job. The enabling Act specified that TVA should pay "the prevailing wage," interpreted to mean the prevailing union scale. Each year at a management-labor conference the wage scale is negotiated. Sometimes shop stewards and others are invited to conferences where broad social and economic questions are considered. These meetings hold important educational implications, and provide an instrument for a give and take of opinion and a better understanding between management and the grass roots.

While TVA does not pay the highest wage rate everywhere, it has helped to raise the wage scale in low wage-rate areas. In Knoxville, for example, skilled painters were getting fifty-seven cents an hour when TVA began; now they receive $1.25.

As one result of TVA's progressive labor policy, there have been only a few minor and unauthorized work stoppages in the twelve years of TVA history, with as many as 42,000 persons employed at one time, most of them building dams.

TVA's concern for all the resources of the valley, in terms of the people of the valley and the nation, resulted in establishing nationwide safety records for heavy construction, at the same time it was hanging up world-wide all-time records for economic, fast construction of dams.

T. O. Denham has known Tennessee Valley labor intimately. For many years he served as legislative representative for the Tennessee Federation of Labor. He is now serving the Teamsters in that capacity, and was a participant in the first TVA management-labor wage conference. We asked Mr. Denham for his estimate of what TVA had meant to labor in the valley. "TVA," he said without hesi-

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tation, "has been the best friend the worker and the public in this region have had. Nearly everyone on TVA work wants to stay there. They know that as long as they produce they have jobs that will last."

Businessmen

Considering the desperate fight waged by the private utilities against TVA during its first five years, and the millions they spent in a futile effort to prejudice public opinion, the enthusiasm for TVA on the part of businessmen of the valley and the fighting spirit they have shown in its defense are impressive. They provide eloquent testimony to how well TVA has served the public welfare.

Tennessee businessmen in a recent advertisement in *Business Week* held out as a major inducement to locate new industry in Tennessee an opportunity to "utilize the giant hydroelectric system of TVA and to take advantage of the lowest power rates in Eastern America." The advertisement proudly boasts that Tennessee is "the first Public Power State."

TVA power benefits are immediate, easy to appreciate, and growing. They affect industrial giants, such as Alcoa, as well as the little man. The city of Lewisburg, Tennessee, already enjoying low TVA rates, announced on June 15 of this year another cut in rates, effecting for this community of 3,582 people an additional annual saving of $22,000. Small commercial users will receive a reduction of 20 per cent with a saving of $4,000; large commercial and industrial users will experience a 14 per cent reduction with a saving of $7,000. Businessmen also will participate in the saving of 25 per cent to residential users, with a saving of $11,000. Total saving in power bills to all valley consumers amounts to about $11,000,000 annually.

Technical and research facilities of TVA have enabled it to provide a great variety of services to private industry of the valley. TVA freight rate studies, for example, were an important factor in the recent significant advances toward the elimination of discriminatory rates — for so long a leading obstacle in the way of Southern industrial progress. A close working relationship with the "grass roots" has permitted TVA to anticipate consumer demands, analyze markets, and in its laboratories to devise a wide variety of new aids to living, most of them easing the work of the farmer. These have been turned over to private industry to manufacture.

Recently there was a dramatic demonstration of the popularity of TVA with all groups of people in the valley. The term of office of David Lilienthal, chairman of TVA, was about to expire. Senators McKellar and Stewart of Tennessee had called on President Truman, asking him not to reappoint Lilienthal. At the same time there was pending in the Senate the Byrd-Butler Bill, which according to the *Chattanooga Times*, would "hamstring the TVA." Valley people regard the bill as another version of the McKellar "grab" bill of the last session, which would place TVA finances under the control of the Senate Finance Committee. With McKellar serving as acting chairman of this committee, the effect would be to give him undue power over TVA. Valley people like the merit system of TVA, and are proud of the TVA record of never having made a political appointment. It is common knowledge, of course, that McKellar is the dean of the Senate in the matter of patronage. The people of the valley, including the businessmen, are fearful for the future of TVA, if it falls within the orbit of McKellar's power.

The valley has taken to Lilienthal like an old shoe. He is admired for his business efficiency and as a man. Spontaneous meetings were held in the valley in behalf of his reappointment, and of saving TVA from the threat of the Byrd-Butler Bill. Delegations broadly representative of business, farm organizations and labor were sent to Washington. *The Nashville Tennessean* took a poll of the businessmen, county officials, and leading citizens. The results showed an amazing unanimity of support for Lilienthal, and an aggressive defense of TVA. T. Ray Lasley, speaking for the Real Estate Board of Jackson, Tennessee, of which he is president, said, "The TVA is the greatest single blessing that has come to the South for its industrial development." The citizens of north Alabama counties sent a petition signed by over 30,000 people to President Truman, asking

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for Lilienthal's reappointment. When the President, as almost his first official act, appointed David Lilienthal, he received the thanks of the overwhelming majority of the citizens of the valley.

Probably no other government agency ever achieved the degree of acceptance and popular support now enjoyed by TVA among the people of the valley, who regard TVA as their own child, as indeed it is. Have not 200,000 Americans, most of them residents of the Tennessee Valley, invested their strength and skill in the great concrete monoliths now spaced throughout that valley? Valley people feel the pride of good workmanship and ownership in these honest TVA dams of superb architectural design — a symbol of the modern power age and of a free new world. The people built them; they own them; they now are reaping bountifully the fruits of their toil. As Barrett C. Shelton, publisher of the Decatur (Alabama) *Daily*, says, the people of the Valley "are no longer afraid. They have caught the vision of their own powers."

Science and Natural Resources

Paul B. Sears

I am troubled. The title of this group of papers is "The Future of Regional Planning." Yet the official policy of the United States Chamber of Commerce is one of opposition to any more regional authorities such as the TVA.

Industrial history has many records of rash and visionary professors marking trail for the cautious and sober man of business, and not being thanked for it until they are safely out of the way. Knowing this, one ought perhaps to be philosophical and keep on pounding stakes. If our resources were still as abundant as those of our great ally, Russia, this might be proper and certainly it would be discreet. Unfortunately, we have not much margin left for blundering and waste. We cannot afford to have science and our economic system going separate ways.

This last statement may seem strange in view of the fact that we have been spending about $225,000,000 a year on industrial research. (The Russian science budget for next year is reported to be about $2,500,000,000.) But industrial research is carried on within a system established by the judgment of businessmen. The scientist is not consulted regarding its basic assumptions. Within the limits set for him, the American industrial scientist does a remarkable job. It might be smart business to listen to scientists who are concerned with wider issues.

Natural resources are manifestations of energy and matter. As such, they are the legitimate concern of science. In the long run there can be no sound economic life which runs counter to scientific truth. Scientists are actually more conservative than businessmen, since they are fundamentally interested in order. They can be trusted. A businessman who goes bankrupt can get back on his feet, but a man of science who has lost the confidence of his fellows can never regain it. The scientist is interested in a stable economy. He cannot, like a Stinnes, pick the bones of an economy which is going to pieces.

For these reasons, the question of future valley authorities should not be prejudged. It should at least be reviewed with reference to the whole question of regional resources and a permanent economy. It is to that broader question that the following notes are addressed.

Natural resources have no meaning apart from man's needs and the ways in which he proceeds to meet them. The extent and character of a region is not simply a problem in physical geography. It is also a problem in human behavior. Ohio collaborates with Pennsylvania so far as heavy industry is concerned, with Indiana and points west in the matter of corn and hogs. Most of her important rivers rise within her own bound-

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aries. One of them, the Muskingum, has been organized into a Conservancy District. Primarily for flood control, this District has recreational features which were acknowledged by the head of a great steel corporation to have been a major factor — effective against juke-joints and blue Mondays — in his company's production record.

But the larger rivers of Ohio drain into the river of the same name. The Ohio drains other states as well, carrying the sewage and supplying the domestic water of the cities and towns which line its banks. Conceivably the Ohio River will make its greatest contribution to American business if we continue to disregard the fact that it is a unit. Yet it is a scientific fact that a drainage system is a unit, however we treat it. Mistreatment at any point will affect conditions elsewhere, and because water is one of the prime essentials for human activity, human welfare will be affected too.

The boundaries of our states and counties are frequently straight lines, which Nature abhors. Such political boundaries, therefore, seldom make realistic regional boundaries. Often we use rivers as state boundaries, politically separating groups of people to whom the river presents common technical and economic problems. These situations create questions which are awkward, but not impossible to solve. The Tennessee Valley Authority includes portions of seven states. In the Southwest, groups of oil-producing states have arranged for regional collaboration by means of interstate pacts — with the blessing of the United States Chamber of Commerce. Soil Conservation Districts may coincide with county lines, or, if that is not convenient, with watershed areas.

We have Federal Reserve Districts, Army Corps Areas, wholesale trade areas. In a score of ways, practical men have set up *de facto* regions which are operating well enough, regardless of any lip service paid to *de jure* political boundaries.

The one thing we can be sure of, for any individual or community, is that regionalism begins at home, however it may shade away from that center in distance and direction. The first task for the scientist in any region is to make an inventory. What are the resources — climate, soils, forests or other vegetation, wild life, minerals, water supply? What are the uses to which these can best be put? What new uses can be found, and how may existing resources best be conserved for the long pull?

We are far from having the answers to these questions for much of the United States, despite a century and a half of scientific exploration. Where the prospect of profit is immediate and challenging, private industry has often exerted itself to locate and appraise local resources, although seldom to work out plans for the long-time conservative use of them. Where the promise of profit is more diffuse, as in agriculture, government agencies have done what they can. But the inertia of even the best of government bureaus is enormous.

It is one of the merits of the TVA that it has broken this pattern of inertia. Its various technical offices are not allowed, as are our federal bureaus, to come with unresolved disputes direct to the administration. Instead the technicians are locked up together until they work out a reasonable compromise, after which their recommendations come up for administrative action.

Most of our inventories of natural resources are quite unsatisfactory in one important respect. They are particulate, each resource being considered as an unrelated end in itself. Now this is not a truly scientific way to appraise resources. It requires, for example, many tons, sometimes many hundreds of tons of water to produce a single ton of steel or gasoline. The workmen who develop and manufacture resources need decent surroundings and living space. This is today justified by the cold standards of the profit motive alone. The chamber of commerce in our little village is getting letters every few days from large industries now established in populous centers, inquiring about the possibilities of factory sites. The decentralization of industry, so long urged without much success as a humanitarian measure, is now on the way as a measure of industrial survival.

For every workman and every member of his family, some four acres of a reasonably productive land must be farmed to supply his needs in keeping with American standards of

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living. Assuming an average of three dependents, a factory employing one thousand men is drawing upon an agricultural area of sixteen thousand acres. Back of Cleveland, for example, there must be some three and one-half million acres in production. If this land is efficiently operated, food and other necessities will be relatively cheap and abundant. If its soil is properly conserved, the quality of food produced will be high. But if the soil is deficient in such elements as phosphorus and calcium, standards of nutrition will be low, whatever the situation as to quantity and price.

It is startling to see, for the first time, the difference between bone development in cattle fed upon the products of good soil and those fed upon the forage from deficient soil. An industrial manager in South Carolina maintains a special table to feed up workers coming from a severely eroded area. Otherwise they do not have the vitality to do a good day's work for him. In contrast, he finds that men coming from an area of good soil have ample energy.

Clearly, the development of any resource involves far more than the presence of that resource and suitable industrial sites. Sufficient acreage of land for production of the means of subsistence is not enough — that land must be properly handled. And it must be properly handled for other reasons. The whole industrial East, a region of adequate rainfall, is suffering from a progressive water-shortage. The underground reservoir, upon which we are so dependent, is steadily dropping. In part this is due to increased pumping, another regional problem upon which the industries in any given area must come to terms with each other. But increased pumping is only part of the story. The chief difficulty is that less than half of the water which used to soak into the ground is doing so today. Under well managed pasture, forest, or rotation agriculture, less than 15 per cent of the rainfall is lost as run-off, carrying with it less than 3 tons per acre of soil each year. But under the widely prevalent system of growing clean-tilled corn, tobacco, and cotton, at least 30 per cent of the rainfall runs off, carrying away as much as 20 tons to the acre of soil. With this soil go the minerals necessary to public health because of their nutritive importance.

The industrialist may think he can build dams to store rain-water and thus be independent of underground water and bad land management. If so, he will find that he is still affected by what the farmer does. The same type of poor farming which has lowered the water table will fill the reservoirs behind his dams with farm silt, rapidly destroying both his water supply and his investment.

Important then as it is to know just what resources are present in a given region, there is a more fundamental kind of scientific regional knowledge which we must have. We must be able, somehow, to see these resources as a pattern so interwoven that none can be considered by itself. Likewise we must see how the resources of a given locality interweave with those of broader regions. This, I fear, is not the habit of thought among Americans, even among American scientists.

Dr. Harcourt Morgan, a truly great regional scientist, once listened to a governor who was enumerating to a group of citizens all of the resources to be found within their state. The governor's mood was, to put it mildly, complacent. When called upon in turn, Dr. Morgan arose and said, "Your Excellency, that speech was unfinished. You ought now to give these people a list of the many things they must have and cannot produce within the borders of your state."

As Dr. Morgan has often pointed out, the thing which keeps any region going is the sun's energy. This energy elaborates, or has in the past elaborated, the simple materials of air, water, and earth into organic form, through the medium of green plants. All life is based upon that process. But the efficiency of the process, and so of the region, depends upon many things. For example, if absurdly small amounts of phosphorus and potash, or other necessary minerals, are lacking, the process is stopped. If organic activities in the soil are not favorable, production is checked. In short, wherever man does not build with nature as his model, he is doomed to frustration and defeat.

Such problems as these differ from those which are familiar in current industrial research. They seldom afford the same chance

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for immediate and direct profit. Consequently it is not so easy to secure support for scientific men who might work on them. And there is the added difficulty, even if support is available, of finding scientists who have the necessary point of view and training. When soil conservation, which is a basic regional problem, finally got under way (150 years late), two obstacles had to be faced. The first was educational and political. Citizens had to be sold the idea, and legislatures induced to provide for the necessary organization. The other problem was technical, that of providing properly trained scientific help to enable farmers to put conservation into effect on their lands.

Contrary to what one might expect, the political problem has been solved more readily than the technical. Every state, with the distinguished exceptions of Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, has now on its statute books a law providing for the organization of soil conservation districts. Under these laws the farmers may vote to form a district, after which technical assistance will be provided so that farmers may themselves know what to do. At last reports there were more districts organized than could be supplied with technical personnel.

Such advisory work is based upon engineering. Yet I recall the head of an engineering school who was much distressed because he had a surplus of young civil engineers to place and could not get them into these vacancies. The reason was that, like most engineers produced in the United States, his graduates were as innocent of biological knowledge (to say nothing of biological sense) as one of their transits.

Here, I believe we bring up a fundamental difficulty. Whatever else it may be, any region is a biological and social enterprise. Our engineers are magnificent men. With medical students they comprise the highest intelligence groups generally in colleges and universities. But they are given a training which, so far as the sciences of life and human society are concerned, is monastic. Their schools in this respect somehow suggest the retreat of Laura on Mount Athos, where no female, not even a tabby-cat, is allowed to enter.

This state of affairs cannot be cured simply by introducing a course of biology into the already crowded engineering curriculum. Too much depends upon the viewpoint with which it would be taught. Courses which concern themselves with what Huxley called the deadly grammar of dead things would defeat the end they ought to serve. Only if taught as Transeau and his associates at Ohio State teach general botany, from the standpoint of ecology — that is, life in relation to environment — would they meet the need. Such teaching is not a matter of the mere communication of knowledge, but rather of communicating a form of thought in which the teacher has been disciplined through years of observation, experiment and reflection.

The better geographers do pretty well, particularly those who, like Sauer of California, keep their own departments small and see to it that their students range into biology, anthropology, mathematics and other departments. Success rests on making specialization a means to a general end, not an end in itself, as is too often the practice. Men and women trained to view a region in its totality, and to see, not merely the things which are there, but relationships and processes, are going to be increasingly necessary in the years to come.

Many will be needed, as I have said, in soil conservation. Many more will be needed in the new profession of land use and management. From 30 to 60 per cent of our farms now belong to owners who do not live on them. By and large, the process of deterioration is worst on these farms. Almost any county in the nation can support one or more professional farm managers, who, if they can see their work in some perspective, will not only improve the income for owner and tenant, but build up the capital value of each enterprise under their supervision.

I watched one of these men at work on a southern farm to which he had been called as consultant. The owner had assembled a herd of $200,000–$300,000 worth of thoroughbred cattle. The consultant's terms were expenses, $35 a day, and the right to talk turkey to the owner. He turned out a masterpiece of regional analysis, on a small scale. The soil had to be built up to support the herd. Tumble-

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down shacks were replaced by decent cabins, to ensure satisfactory labor. Not that the consultant was being paid to do settlement work. He was being paid to conserve the quarter-million dollar investment; and that, in brief, is how he went at it.

We can conserve our natural resources and still have a wide choice of political and economic systems. But whatever system we choose must be built squarely and honestly upon the findings of free scientific inquiry, or it will fail.

TVA'S of the Future

Hermann Herrey

Besides "war or peace" the most burning question of this generation is "employment." It is today in fact largely identical with peace. For, whatever we succeed in building up for its preservation, the pacts and instruments of international organization, world court and international police force, must have the backing of the peoples of the world. Unless we succeed in giving them reasonable confidence that these instruments will materially help to remove the causes of distress, unrest and insecurity within the lifetime of this generation, they will not be prepared to defend this peace.

This confidence can only be established by convincing prospects of stable employment at equitable wages. At present there is no other way to achieve it except by constant economic expansion like that of British colonial imperialism in the nineteenth century. The simultaneous export of American goods, and credits with which to buy them, marked the last stages of the upward spiral of the twenties. Germany in the thirties dumped its products through an intricate system of forgery, bait and blackmail upon the pigmies of Europe, themselves under irresistible compulsion to expand in order to provide employment. Yet the only country that escaped the world-wide depression of the thirties was the Soviet Union, which for a decade and a half was investing nearly a third of its gross national income in capital goods. This depression consisted to a very considerable extent in curtailment of production of capital goods — and it must be borne in mind that their production is the essence of expansion.

At this moment this problem confronts us in three types of important regions:

1. In those of the United States, England, Canada and other industrially mature countries that have come through the war relatively intact and can help themselves.
2. In industrially underdeveloped countries like China, India and Malaya, Brazil or Iraq, which need expert staffs, tools and capital (most of which can come only from the U.S.A.) for large scale public works.
3. In the devastated regions of Europe, both in countries highly industrialized and those of a low standard, in allied countries and in vanquished ones, where reconstruction and redevelopment must be taken in hand for the sake of our own peace and prosperity.

Meanwhile, the Tennessee Valley Authority has provided us with a new pattern of expansion, the basic principles of which can be applied elsewhere. TVA deals with a clearly defined region. It has to its credit a basic unity and basic logic — *geographic unity and geographic logic*. It is *physically rooted in the valley* and, through a *decentralized administration*, in steady contact with the population and every phase of its problems. It is an *autonomous authority*. It rightfully ignores, in the non-political field in which it acts, the political boundaries traced long ago.

TVA uses hydroelectric power as a *key resource* to develop all other resources. This key resource put a large part of its activities on a paying basis, and, making everybody

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TVA's business partner, it proceeded to stimulate the whole valley's agricultural and industrial interests. In other cases oil or rubber might play this part. In this case power acted as an indispensable and most effective lever.

TVA is a *coordinated comprehensive development of all the resources of a region.* We have seen before great hydroelectric projects, great waterways, extensive flood control and soil conservation schemes. TVA is all these and more. It promotes all the region's resources as one entity, based on the realization that the resources of nature do not exist in watertight compartments. An attempt to pursue a policy of limited objectives would have frustrated the whole scheme.

However, the most significant principle on which TVA is based is the *development of the human resources of the region.* This is expressed in the consistent policy of fitting all its activities into existing trends, of preserving the continuity of local life and traditions, of acting through the people themselves. It is the result of the recognition that at the last resort resources development can only create instruments and tempting opportunities for the initiative of individual communities daily widening their scope of their own accord — as it is expressed in TVA's famous term, as a stimulus "*at the grass roots.*" The striking thing is that the TVA had to do it. In the long run it could not function in the midst of an impoverished population. The well being of the population is not only the measure of TVA's success, it is its condition.

Free society — and that means at this writing a "free enterprise society" in some form or other — can make almost unlimited investments in capital goods, provided such investments conform to minimum requirements of rentability. Free society can also produce an almost unlimited quantity of consumer goods, provided somebody will buy them. TVA shows the way to make a region itself absorb the greater part of the increase of its own production. The population has been equipped and induced to perform a sort of inner expansion, i.e., of its purchasing powers along with its productive powers. Thus the social objectives which are the only compelling ones for public resources development in a democratic "free enterprise society" receive a broad economic basis in the masses of the population. We may say therefore that human welfare is inherent in the TVA method.

Since the flood control bill authorized a "coordinated construction program" with a provision of $400,000,000 for initial works, and Senator Murray's MVA Bill was submitted to Congress, it seems that the Missouri development will be the first successor of the TVA. More than ten times as large, it covers 17½ per cent of U. S. territory, with about 12 million inhabitants in nine different states (average density 25 people per square mile). If its great resources can be developed with anything like the success of the TVA, this thinly populated area is likely to have a suction effect which, considering its dimensions, may amount to a new frontier.

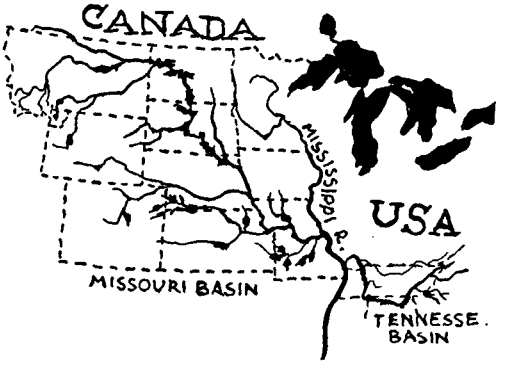

FIG. 1 — The proposed MVA Region compared with the TVA Region

The success is more than probable if the new MVA heeds the principles of TVA's experience. Only a truly autonomous authority operating this way can overcome controversies like those of "irrigation of nearly five million acres west versus 760 miles navigation channel and flood control of the same river east of the 98th meridian." Yet these indeed are minor issues compared with the comprehensive development of agricultural, industrial and social potentials which autonomous over-all management can gradually bring about. Raising employment only to the rate per square mile of the Tennessee Valley, which by comparison is poor in re-

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sources but supports about 65 people per square mile, may mean another twenty million inhabitants. So wide a region with so rich and largely complementary resources can offer employment to large numbers without corresponding need for new markets outside the region. No pressure upon this nation's postwar markets need result. The region might in time absorb more people than the number of unemployed the United States might ever have. The nation as a whole will hardly benefit less than the region itself.

Of course if the TVA principles are applied to so large a part of the country with such effects, a strong impact upon general economic policy is inevitable. Whatever form this impact takes, it is certain that an MVA will be a pacemaker of a new regional order, superimposed upon the state pattern, long before it may crystallize in constitutional terms. It will be an instrument for functions which neither federal nor state authorities are equipped to perform. It may be political dynamite, yet it promises a rational solution for the already acute conflict between state rights and the ever increasing authority of the federal government.

Among the projects of industrially underdeveloped countries most attention is attracted to that for the Yangtze Valley, by far the largest public works project ever entertained. A river of 3,200 miles; a region of 750,000 square miles, inhabited by more than 200 million people; of great agricultural wealth, it contains, besides the world's largest coal deposits, an abundance of ores, oil and natural gas. It is potentially the greatest source of hydroelectric power in the world — estimated at 96 billion kwh ultimate annual capacity.* This key resource of the project and one of its major purposes, is to be developed through two large dams near Fuchow and above Ichang near either end of the huge semi-navigable mountain gorges of the Yangtze, in the province of Szechwan below Chungking. The extension of the 1,000-mile Yangtze waterway a further 630 miles up through these gorges beyond Chungking, the prevention of the disastrous floods, and a large land conservation program through reforestation and check dams are other major objectives. It is difficult to imagine how even a partial accomplishment of this program will affect China's millions, now living in great poverty, and us — through their increasing purchasing power. But it is safe to say that great as this program is it will be dwarfed by the tasks of industrial expansion and of raising educational and social standards, to which it will inevitably lead, once it really gets under way.

* Compared with 188 billion kwh U. S. total hydro and steam electric power production in 1942.

FIG. 2 — The region of the proposed Yangtze River Development

In a different category is the reconstruction and redevelopment of major regions of Europe. In every case this is an international problem, overlaid with all the complexities of the European scene. It will be asked if the scramble of ethnical and religious minorities with their age-old claims and grievances, antagonisms and allegiances, and the labyrinthal texture of economic and political interests across all national boundaries can be reconciled with any conceivable comprehensive scheme serving the interests of Europe as a whole. As everyone knows, the pattern of principal European resources and the geographic facts governing European transportation systems have, during the last one hundred years, developed regional entities on a new scale, in gross contradiction to the historical entities of the European states. Therefore, any attempt of European redevelopment of any consequence must not be hamstrung by the national pattern, if it is to

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have any chance to survive its paper stage. These are tasks for autonomous organizations of a scope — determined solely by basic resources, transportation and economic relations — large enough to cope with the political obstructions bound to crop up constantly.

Such tasks might still be hopeless were it not for the unique circumstances of this moment. These tasks are complicated, but now also greatly simplified by one fact: whatever is being done in Europe cannot be done without materially involving the population of the former German Reich. Its location and size alone dominate every major way of transportation across the continent. The natural resources are among the highest developed and most economically utilized of the world. From a physical and technological point of view Germany has made the most of its share and of its opportunities. What nature omitted to supply is largely replaced through assiduous, often ingenious techniques, supplemented by the benefits of a tightly fitting, often ruthlessly rational organization.

A bloc of seventy millions of a highly trained and organized industrial population occupies a strategic central place in Europe. That this key position of the German people has remained practically unaffected by the outcome of the war may be a fact heavy with problematic implications. But side by side with the atrocious record of the German rebellion against the accepted order of Western civilization, with considerations of ethics, justice and responsibility, political sympathies and expediencies — it remains a fact. Here are some of the gravest liabilities of the present situation! The sooner we resolve to adjust our plans to them, the better is our chance in our lifetime to restore European prosperity and peace, which, after all, are inevitably tied up with our own.

As these lines are written, nothing definite is known of any plans for the future of the German population. It seems the consensus of the Allies that for the sake of peace and for their own sake the German population will remain under the guardianship of the United Nations for an indefinite period. New and more stable conditions are necessary before a responsible German government can be established for which the German people can feel responsible, and which the world can trust. Germany is a problematic nation of strange and fateful contradiction. Beneath the perverted features of recent German history there are, for instance, the democratic traditions of the German cities, dating from the Middle Ages, and still strong in the extremely efficient self-administration of German local government. Out of these roots and under continued guardianship a new generation, born and educated in the climate of that Western civilization to which earlier German generations contributed so much, may gradually evolve a democratic system of their own. One day this will lead to an independent national life again, fitting into the international order which meanwhile we can hope to build up in a protracted period of peace.

Here are some of the major assets of the situation! No impotent or malevolent German government, or any powerful German background factors — army, Junkers, trusts or party groups — that could endanger or circumvent a European regional program will be allowed to exist. Instead, the entire German estate with its enormous potentials is at the disposal of the United Nations. A unique opportunity! It can slip out of our hands. But it can be forged into a series of effective instruments of peace, if we can fit them into non-political international regional development corporations in which the German people must take part. Such corporations can be modeled on the pattern of the TVA. They should comply with its leading principles. They should work as autonomous authorities on purely commercial lines under control of United Nations committees, consisting of representatives of the countries concerned, with the occupation powers as guardians of the German population, and the trustees of the United Nations organization in charge of the interests of international peace and security.

There have been various suggestions for a kind of "international resources development authority" or other forms of international organization of public works. Under whatever roof-agencies they would work, their aim should be to take out of the political sphere the problems of reconstruction and

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reparation, of resettlement and population exchange, and of the control of major German industrial activities. Thus also a repetition of some sad financial experiences of the 1920's will be averted. Whatever comes of the Bretton Woods proposals, funds for specific purposes of redevelopment, commercially administered under international control, should be provided for regional corporations as a whole, instead of loans to the several single governments involved — some of which might be of questionable stability for years, or otherwise prejudice the program.

Two great European regions are of decisive importance for the preservation of the peace of the world, the Rhine-Meuse watershed and the Danube basin. They are joined through a smaller region of immense potential consequence. It is that of the Main and upper Danube, planned to be connected and converted into the so-called Rhine-Main-Danube canal of about 370 miles' length. This canal would open the waterway between the North Sea and Black Sea from Rotterdam to Constanta, right across the continent, through its most populated and productive sections. Twice before this has been attempted with inadequate means — by Charlemagne and then by King Ludwig I of Bavaria in the nineteenth century. Parts of the modern project have gradually been executed between the two wars. A number of dams and locks for 1,200-ton barges are to

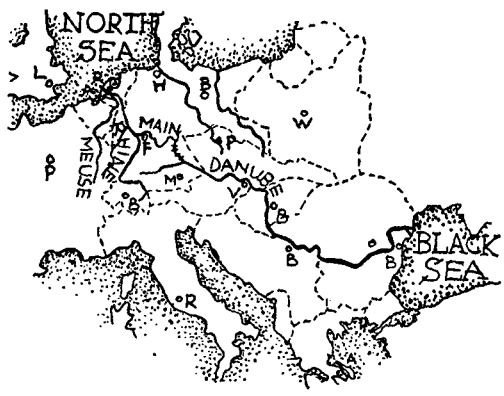

FIG. 3 — The proposed North Sea-Black Sea Transcontinental Waterway

overcome the roughly 1,000 feet up from Frankfurt and over 400 feet down to Regensburg. The ultimate hydroelectric power production of the generators to be built into these dams is estimated at 1,475 billion kwh per year. Canal and power can be key resources for all three regions.

With this project as a natural joint between the major Western and Eastern regions the central pattern of European reconstruction and resources development acquires concrete features. The Rhine-Meuse region, about 76,000 square miles of French, Belgian, Dutch, Luxemburg and German territory, has some 45 million inhabitants, including Alsace Lorraine, the Saar and the Ruhr basin. One of the world's most densely populated and industrialized regions, it is probably the greatest concentration of war potentials in the world. Its population used to enjoy high physical and cultural standards. Now it requires first of all reconstruction of its destroyed cities and industries, harbors, bridges and railroads, public utilities, water supplies and sewer systems, and the restoration of much of Holland's fishing fleet, livestock and agricultural land. Administration of reparations in kind, transfer of individual industries, migratory movements and considerable resettlement problems cannot be divorced from these tasks. Control of German industry, temporary administration and gradual conversion of industrial empires (I. G. Farben, Krupp, the Steel Trust) is a logical sequel. So is the control of German power production; its expansion and distribution on reparations account to French, Dutch, Belgian subdistributors. Control of transportation ways of the Rhineland, harbors and airports, and the opening of the North Sea-Black Sea transcontinental waterway will gradually bring expansion of transportation systems of this entire region into the foreground of the Authority's task. This may finally help to bridge the region's trade barriers, to merge its national sections into a prosperous entity, whose economic coherence would in itself be the strongest factor operating for peace.

The Danube region (380,000 square miles), with 75 million inhabitants, contains — besides major industrial sections in Czechoslovakia and Austria — wide and fertile agricultural areas with low standards, decidedly

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FIG. 4 — The regions of the proposed Rhine-Meuse and Danube developments along the Transcontinental Waterway

underdeveloped in great parts. Ever since the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian empire, this region has been in fermentation. Bitter consequences demonstrated the necessity of unified development, which that empire in its fumbling and inadequate ways at least attempted in its realm. Taken as a whole, the region has very rich and diversified resources. Its potentials are enormous. Its major problems implied in the need for unified development are expansion of transportation with Danube navigation and highway construction in the foreground, hydroelectric power production, stabilization of currencies and supply of capital for expansion and rationalization of industry, raising of educational and social standards, improvement of agricultural production and markets in Western Europe, and — more than anything — the bridging of trade barriers through over-all management of transportation rates and equalization of tariffs, possibly customs unions and other means. But from within there is no hope for a solution. Germany attempted an imperialistic solution from without. The solution through an international non-political development authority is the only one that promises stabilization and peace in this region, which twice in our generation has been the source of world-wide wars.

To both regions' development the North Sea-Black Sea transcontinental waterway with its vast power resources is the key. Perhaps it is also the key to other things affecting the interests of the great powers. But these things are beyond the scope of our present considerations.

In the Winter Issue . . .

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR FORUM will be devoted to a discussion of "The Future of Religion." Raphael Demos and Sidney Hook will be among the contributors.

Coming . . .

A Reading of Keats — Allen Tate
An Ex-Marine Returns to Teaching — Donald A. Stauffer
Henry Adams and the Critics — Max I. Baym
The Premature Death of Thomas Carlyle — Eric Russell Bentley
Mackinder's Heartland — Hans W. Weigert

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UNDER WHATEVER SKY

Irwin Edman

Brazil Remembered

In the last issue of this department I wrote some ruminative paragraphs concerning impressions I had of Brazil unvisited, and I added some moral reflections on the losses suffered when ideal images are corrected by facts — even by interesting ones. I am prompted now not to give a *compte rendu* of three months in Brazil (mostly in Rio de Janeiro), but rather to pursue the general theme of the ideal and the actual, this time provoked to do so by Brazil remembered. I am led to reflect on the curious trick of memory whereby the residual image of a place, a people, a country, is not always or often (and sometimes not at all) in the proportions one is sure it is going to be. I am not speaking of memories years old, but of those only weeks old. The moment one is home, it is almost banal to observe, the remembered place becomes a dream. And the shape of a dream, one does not need a great deal of psychiatry to know, is determined by needs, conflicts, absorptions. The geography of recollection is determined by taste and love.

What odd things one remembers about three months of so naturally beautiful a place as Rio de Janeiro! No one could, of course, forget the clear and lovely light over the wide blue bay, dramatically overlooked by Sugar Loaf Mountain. No one could forget either the Baroque churches, especially the classically lovely one on the Gloria Hill, or the Jardim Pubblico, a semi-tropical relic of a romantic nineteenth-century "English garden," with its pool, its beautiful wrought iron work, and its gnarled overhanging trees. It would be hard not to remember the lights coming up in Rio from the height of Sugar Loaf, or the dreamy old miniature Bermuda which is the island of Paetua. But equally I seem to remember the long lines, often of a hundred people, patiently waiting for buses, on the tiled pavements; the waiters pouring the strong black coffee into the little cups which Brazilians seem to drink all day long at the cafes; the Negroes seated in elegant restaurants, or black and white children playing quite naturally together, or the crippled negro with the most saintly expression of kindness sitting all day selling papers at the most crowded corner of the Avenida. Or the sound of polite customers whistling for waiters, as is the custom, or the Franciscan monk showing me over the monastery in old Rio surrounded now by the very modernistic skyscrapers of the last ten years, which cut off the view of the Bay. And the Positivist Church (I believe there is only one other still existing in the world — in Paris) where for two deadly hours I heard an exposition of the principles of the master, Auguste Comte, and was prompted to think how far pure reason can be from the making of a religion. And of all things to remember so vividly — the old-fashioned open street cars, like those current in the United States, associated with early Spring and Summer excursions. I fear a Brazil remembered is no more accurate than a Brazil imagined. But no Brazil-in-itself is ever to be known, not even when one is there.

Other Latitudes

I suppose I am not the only one in his middle years who had forgotten the excitements, the inconveniences, the pleasures and the perspectives of travel. Travel! To most of us who were young in the twenties,

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it meant Europe. It meant new languages, new food, new ways, and old places, old museums, old churches. It meant another world to live in, a world of taste and distinction. In fact, in looking back, we (at least, those of us who saw Germany and France in the twenties) see how much we did not notice of what was going on in the present. We were interested in the traditions of the past and in the writing and the art of the future. It is easy enough to smile back at our own innocences, and to tell us we got very little out of it all, except some fussy trips across the Atlantic, pressed duck and the tour d'argent, and *Carmen* and *Louise* at the Opera, Mozart at Salzburg, and later at Glyndebourne, or Shakespeare played in lucid German by Moissi, an Italian, in Berlin. All that is gone, and gone forever. I doubt whether my juniors, who are in Europe now on other business, will be going back as tourists very soon.

All this has been brought into my mind because I have been for the first time in many years in a foreign country. I was not in Brazil on a holiday. I was lecturing at the Foculdade de Filosofia of the University of Brazil on, among other things, the philosophy of my own country. But I was reminded in many ways of how it had felt to be young in Europe in the twenties. For one thing, I had the half-painful pleasure of learning on the spot a new language, and of feeling the amused humiliation that comes from finding that one is helpless in a new tongue. There were all the old pleasures of seeing a jabberwocky turn into intelligibility; a throaty blur, a babbling murmur, into a language with a wonderful logic of its own, and a cadence and a color of its own too, and some order even in its irregular verbs.

There are said to be those who believe one impairs the purity of one's own tongue by learning the languages of others. I have heard a colleague argue that only those who know no other way of discourse write good English. Perhaps. But I remember also hearing it said that the best way to learn to write English is to read French. I was not yet sufficiently fluent in Portuguese to have decided what it might do for one's English. Its conjugations and its word endings in general bear so close a relation to Latin that a wave of nostalgia assailed me for the rigors of high school classes in Latin. It offers strange modulations upon the other romance languages one happens to know. Yet the similarities and differences become a kind of epitome of the spirit. The human spirit too, has its modulations and nuances, and the bread and wine of human experience are, though the same in essence always, not quite the same in discourse or quality. The variations in words of related languages are a wonderful education on the varieties of feeling in human beings.

Why should one learn, a friend asked, five or six different words for bread or wine? Anyone who has fallen a victim to the passion for languages knows why. Because the words themselves effect a metamorphosis, and the Deus of the Portuguese and the Dios of Spanish are not simply different syllables. Their tone, their quality modify the soul of the thought itself. At my age, I told myself, I should be doing something else than acquiring a new vocabulary. At my age, however, I was pleased to discover that the tone and accent of a new language spoken by another people fascinate me as of old. By middle age many things have become banal. Given a new name, they freshen a little.

The Bus Trip in the Sky

Travel by air, as by now a good many people must have found out, sounds more exciting than it actually is. It is really, for the most part, nothing but a bus trip in the sky, distinguished by the fact that both the vibration and the scenery are negligible. It is thrilling at moments only: the sight of the receding earth when one takes off, the approaching terra firma when one loses altitude, and the Jove-like sensation of riding above fleecy white clouds. Otherwise, especially on such a three-day plane trip as I took recently to Brazil, it is a ride through vacuity. The real sensation comes from the realization that so dull a trip can really be so magically fast. Even that speed is corrosive of one of the pleasures of travel — the classic sense of distance, the slow gradual approach to another world. In the old days, by the time one arrived in London or Paris or Rio from

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New York, one was psychologically prepared.

There are ironies, too, in this modern form of transportation — parody resemblances to the days of coach travel. There are the stops over night at inns on the way, and the fifteen-minute pauses at airports which might be anywhere save for the slightly differing souvenirs sold at Haiti and French Guiana. One re-fuels instead of changing horses, and the next stop is thousands of miles, instead of twenty miles away. But for speed I suspect that the stage-coach passenger had more of a sense of movement than the occupant of a seat in a plane. He saw more surely from one inn to the next than his descendant sees crossing the whole Matto Grosso. It needs no Einstein to demonstrate relativity in speed. It is a curious comment on Progress that two hundred miles an hour can *feel* so slow.

Reconversion

I do not seem to remember the word from the close of the last war. The term then in vogue was Reconstruction. John Dewey joined the procession with a book (one of his clearest and best) entitled, *Reconstruction in Philosophy*, given originally, it now seems ironic to recall, as lectures at the Imperial University of Tokyo.

The word reconversion has a double edge. It is a cheerful and auspicious word, insofar as it means the change over from making instruments of destruction to instruments of use and comfort and beauty, insofar as it connotes not guns but butter. But there are surely a good many people about who expect moral reconversion as well — a change back to the prewar ways of economic and social and political life, some of which are responsible for the chaos and shambles of the last years.

I note, by the way, that in academic life, fraternities are beginning to wake again, and much of the sillier paraphernalia of American college life. But the nice boys from the nice colleges have been to the wars. Perhaps they will not even wish to be reconverted to some of the things in ivy-clad campus which (before they were interrupted by a world war three or four years ago) they once thought frightfully important.

Spiritual Snobs

If one were doing a book of snobs, such as Thackeray once did, it would be necessary, I think (though difficult), to describe the Spiritual Snob, who is now beginning to be in vogue again. The snob of wealth, of position, of blood, is familiar. So is the spiritual snob, though he is sometimes so disguised that he seems really to be on the height on which he fancies himself to be. The transcendental Pharisee I think of, is masqueraded as a model of pure and disinterred detachment. He is above all the temptations of the world, beyond all the distractions of time. He is a pure spirit beholding pure essences, for their own sweet sake. From his proud eminence there is no such thing as good and evil in this world; everything is smoothed out in his perspective, which is that of eternity. He can survey even the tragedy of our time with quietude, for he holds that the form of tragedy is always the same; and in any case, in light of timelessness, there is really no such thing as tragedy at all. The Spiritual Snob of our day has quite a battery of great names to quote. They include, of course, Spinoza, though it is conveniently forgotten that Spinoza was passionately concerned with civil liberties. Those in the spiritual top drawer of our time quote the mystics, though they forget that some of them — like Saint Theresa — were very busy and socially active people. They quote Plato on contemplation of the One, forgetting that Plato insisted that the philosopher go into the cave and the market place to test and apply his wisdom.

Were I writing such a Book of Snobs as I have described, I should like to include the Political Snob, too, who will not brook less than perfection; who will not be spotted by pacts and charters and documents, or traffic with actual political institutions. At the extreme he is, of course, an anarchist, all for a society of free spirits, beyond the gross instrumentalities of government. Today he is a nationalist who will not soil his mind with any imperfect world organization, something for starry-eyed global visionaries.

Then there is, finally, the Snob who looks down on Snobs. That is, perhaps, as far as the theme can logically be explored.

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The Revolving Bookstand

The Writer and His Responsibilities

Lionel Trilling

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Writers and Their Critics, by Henri Peyre. Cornell University Press. $3.00

The art of literary criticism is not so old as literature itself but it is very nearly as old as our literary tradition and precisely as old as our tradition of written philosophy — it is still bounded by the terms of a disagreement between Plato and Aristotle. Yet it was not until a relatively short time ago that literary criticism found the place in Western culture that it now has. For English and American readers the year 1865 might be taken as marking the change. The date is of course arbitrary; I choose the year of *Essays in Criticism* not because the critical powers which Matthew Arnold exercised were different from or superior to those of the great critical masters from whom he so consciously learned, but because Arnold gave criticism a place in our intellectual life that was quantitatively greater than any it had held before. He made literary criticism bulk so large in our consciousness because he brought it into the field of public policy; he assumed its intimate connection with politics and religion.

Arnold, of course, was but the agent of a large general tendency. His assumptions about literature were current coin among the great Romantic critics, who had appropriated for secular literature much of the authority and even much of the sanctity that sacred literature was losing. The French Revolution gave to literature a political authority, or at least established the modern explicit connection of literature with politics: for Shelley, poets were the "unacknowledged legislators of mankind." Arnold, then, was not especially original in his view of the function of literature and criticism, but he had among his other talents a high gift for literary journalism, and he gave wide currency to the idea that literature was an instrumental thing, by nature connected with man's more obviously practical activities. The old tag, *De gustibus non disputandum*, never had any real meaning, whatever its utility as a phrase of politeness, and after Arnold wrote it was clear that taste in the arts was properly and eternally to be disputed exactly because politics, philosophy and religion were matters for dispute.

With the years we have become increasingly sure of this and increasingly explicit about it. The leading critic of the age, Mr. Eliot, tells us by what names we are to call not only his literary but also his political and religious positions. The Marxist critics reset their theory with every shift in the winds of doctrine and diplomacy. And by nothing is the new stature of literature so affirmed as by the policy of governments: the legislative powers of poets would seem to be no longer

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LIONEL TRILLING, author of *Matthew Arnold*, is associate professor of English at Columbia University. Professor Trilling's most recent book is *E. M. Forster*.

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"unacknowledged" when Italy or Germany or Russia feels it to be simple routine to influence or silence or destroy the poet's words or even the poet himself.

That is to say, the logic of the assumption that gives literature its great new status, also puts literature under the necessity of having to *answer for* its powers, and perhaps with its very life. The high value we give literature may indeed be ironic or illusory, and in the end destructive to literature itself.

F. O. Matthiessen's *Henry James: The Major Phase* is in my opinion the best critical book of the year. Yet fine as it is, it can furnish us with an example of the danger (in this instance, a subtle danger) of putting upon literature an inappropriate weight of doctrine. Professor Matthiessen is both learned and perceptive as he demonstrates the high meanings of James's greatest novels, rescuing them from the insensate detraction of James's compatriots. But when he reaches the end of his exposition and comes to summarize the value of James, he concludes ambiguously and with reservation.

> James's . . . work is . . . serviceable to us, both in its depth and in its limitations. His intense spiritual awareness, drifting into a world without moorings, has told others besides Eliot that if religion is to persist, it must be based again in coherent dogma. At the opposite pole, our novelists of social protest can still learn much . . . from James's scale of values. His gradation of characters according to their degree of consciousness may be validly translated into terms of social consciousness, and thus serve as a measure in a more dynamic world than James ever conceived of. To those who believe that if both Christianity and democracy are to endure, the next synthesis must be more rigorously based in both political economy and theology, in the theology that recognizes anew man's radical imperfection, and in the radical political economy that insists that, whether imperfect or not, men must be equal in their social opportunities, many of James's values are, oddly enough, not at all remote.

That is, James's value lies in our sense of his limitation, or in certain of his insights that must, however, be "translated," that must be made into dogma, although James himself fled from dogma. Much as I respect Mr. Matthiessen for his serious concern with futurities and even ultimates, it seems to me that he does art a disservice when he requires, as by implication he does, that the artist be aware of these things. It is not a matter to be handled briefly, but at the risk of doing an

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injustice to the subject and to Mr. Matthiessen, I would say that nothing could more effectively break or incapacitate the writer's imagination than to cultivate a sense of responsibility to ultimate dogma.

But the danger suggested by Mr. Matthiessen's huge demands on the writer is, as I have said, subtle, perhaps even tenuous. Far grosser in quality, though not wholly unrelated in kind, are the dangers of the position expounded by the school of Van Wyck Brooks, Lewis Mumford, Waldo Frank and Archibald MacLeish. Mr. Brooks, who is perhaps to be accounted the leader of the school, avows his belief in the "priesthood" of the writer. One wishes that he would not confuse priests with ministers: he specifies the clerical but scarcely the sacerdotal functions of the writer. Together with other members of his school, he draws heavily for his imagery upon biology. It is the function of the writer-priest to be "life-giving" and his greatest sin is sterility, by which Mr. Brooks means not the inability to produce work but the failure to induce by direct means a mood of faith or affirmation in the reader. One has only for a moment to turn the image from the rather odd one of the biological priest to the duller one of the physician to remember that although life is only given once (by parents, not priests), it is preserved in a great many ways, by diet, surgery, cautery, scolding, and sometimes by the physician's laughing at and sometimes by his confirming our fears.

J. Donald Adams is the latest follower of Mr. Brooks and, in *The Shape of Books to Come*, not a particularly agile one. He too finds the writer's function to be the giving of life, or faith. Like Mr. Brooks and the others of the school, he writes in a wartime situation in which "faith" is at a premium, and there is a greater temptation than usual to have little faith in the faith of our fellow-citizens. Mr. Adams has a high contempt for James Joyce, once elegantly called by Mr. Brooks a burnt-out cigar, and for all other "coterie" writers — for all writers, that is, whom he finds difficult to read. I have no quarrel with anyone who does not like Joyce and doesn't want to take the time to read him. Possibly it is not Mr. Adams' critical duty to read a book that can scarcely appeal to what, with a certain infelicity, he calls "the many." But it is surely his duty, in writing about books for "the many," to cultivate a higher standard of taste in popular literature than that which finds masterpieces in the later Steinbeck and *A Bell for*

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Adano, and a healthy tendency in the popularity of *The Robe* — to cultivate such a standard rather than a panic fear at the harm that unread and presumably unreadable authors will do to democratic culture.

It is of course in the name of his sincere feeling for democracy that Mr. Adams tells us that writers should write for "the many." Yet nothing could be less democratic, nothing could bring us closer to the demagogic mass-state than such an idea. The truly democratic writer does not think of the many and the few. Whom, then, does he write for? For the best possible reader he can imagine, for his conscience or his *daimon*, for his ancestors or descendants, for God and the blessed angels — and he hopes and prays and assumes that his fellow-citizens will listen.

Bernard DeVoto is a far more intelligent critic than Mr. Adams, and although, in *The Literary Fallacy*, he too comes out at a rather simple position in regard to negation and faith, he at least begins with a thesis that I for one find interesting. That is, I can understand the moments of impatience with literature that sometimes come — and perhaps ought sometimes to come — to professional literary people: it was no doubt in one of these that Mr. DeVoto formulated what he calls the literary fallacy.

> Reduced to general terms, the literary fallacy assumes: that a culture may be understood and judged solely by means of its literature, that literature embodies truly and completely both the values and the content of a culture, that literature is the highest expression of a culture, that literature is the measure of life, and finally that life is subordinate to literature.

But when the moment of impatience has passed, it must surely be questioned whether anyone ever actually subscribed to the fallacy Mr. DeVoto denounces. What Mr. DeVoto is getting at is that America in the twenties and thirties was a great deal better than the "negative" and satirical writers of those two decades said it was. Well, of course it was. If it was exactly like, say, a Dos Passos novel, we should by now all be dead or drunkards or advertising men. Nations and regions or towns are always better than writers say they are, if writers say they are bad; or worse, if writers say they are good. The real literary "fallacy" is to take any writer, even a good one, with a perfect literalness.

It seems to me that Mr. DeVoto, in blaming the writers rather than their readers, misunderstands as much as do the readers themselves the nature of literature. It is not that Mr. DeVoto, as one young critic said, does not know that "literature is a sacrament" — I hope he stays in blessed ignorance of any such thing. It is rather that, like most of us, he imagines a wholly docile reader and a writer equipped with supernal powers and responsibilities. But literature cannot tell the whole truth; it can only tell enough of the truth to "implement" the wish, the passion, the desire behind the work. And we must judge the degree of truth in relation to the rightness of the wish. If the writers of the twenties and thirties saw a part of the truth about America (the part, perhaps, that related most to what they themselves wanted for America), and if this was a good truth, though not the whole truth, there is no reason (save our own passivity) why we should first accept it as a whole truth and then, in revulsion from its limitations, call it a lie.

For Mr. DeVoto the accuracy, as for Mr. Brooks the influence, of the "negative" writers is disproved by the action of the mass of people in England and America in time of war. I misdoubt the logic. I would offer a contrary speculation: that much that is good in our war-attitude, much that is better than in the last war, arises directly from the current of "negative" literature of the last two decades. I do not say that it is a great, sustaining and finally satisfying literature; but it is a literature beneficial in having produced a large critical self-consciousness.

It is from his essay attacking the school of Mr. Brooks that James Farrell takes the title for his collection of critical essays, *The League of Frightened Philistines*. I have a large if qualified respect for Mr. Farrell as a novelist, and I agree with his general position in this particular matter; but I cannot see that he says anything about his opponents except that they are wrong and their motives not politically admirable. In his *Note on Literary Criticism* a few years ago, Mr. Farrell did an excellent job of dealing systematically with the vulgar errors of the criticism that currently passed as Marxist. But as an occasional critic he is not so effective. He is often engaging in his awkward defense of the good and serious life. But he is not serving the good and serious life when he undertakes to embarrass Darryl Zanuck by asking Mr. Zanuck whether Jesus Christ and the Twelve Apostles needed entertainment value to get their message across, as Mr. Zanuck says

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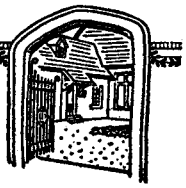

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movie producers do. He can admire generously, but admiration cannot get him beyond a kind of noble pedantry. Nor do his strong polemical feelings about intellectual things set his mind in motion — it stands like Impatience on a monument.

As for his denunciation of the "frightened Philistines," I think that what Mr. Farrell had it in mind to say about them is said briefly and finally by André Gide in his *Imaginary Interviews*, in what he calls a fable from the Congo. It is told apropos the charge that it is the artists who are responsible for the sad state of France.

A great number of people, hoping to cross a broad river, had crowded into the ferryman's boat. Overloaded, the boat stuck fast in the mud. The question was which of the passengers would have to get out. The ferryman began by putting ashore a fat merchant, then a shyster lawyer, a dishonest moneylender and the madam of a bawdy house. The ferry didn't budge. Next to be sent ashore were the proprietor of a gambling den, a slave-dealer and even a few respectable people. Still the boat couldn't be moved, but it was getting lighter all the time, and at last it floated when a missionary, thin as a shadow, stepped to the bank. "There he is," shouted the natives. "There stands the very spirit of weight. May he be accursed."

Gide's book cannot be called a work of the first critical importance, but I think that no one interested in literature will want to miss it. Its essay on Goethe's dramatic works is very good; on the other hand, its discourse on American novelists, although it has some wisdom, has more nonsense. What are we to make of the opinion that of all contemporary American novelists Steinbeck is the most interesting? For the rest, the book consists of conversation about literary matters, as casual and glancing as such conversation should be, but making no memorable impress at any one point. Yet it is a moving book because of the circumstance in which and the purpose for which it was written, in the Free Zone of France, to restore the shattered spirit of the French by speaking of creative and continuous things. Now and then there are a few sly political thrusts, but chiefly the talk stays with literature — often in its most technical and professional aspects, such as the proprieties of diction, systems of prosody, or the use of the subjunctive. It is, in its way, wonderfully affecting, the spectacle of a man so sure of the importance of his profession that he thinks his most patriotic action is to continue its practice.

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Van Wyck Brooks's own new book does not touch upon the favorite matter of his literary polemic. Yet *The World of Washington Irving*, the third volume of the extensive history of American culture that Mr. Brooks is engaged on, has a kind of political intention, not unlike that of Gide's *Interviews* — Mr. Brooks wishes to give to his compatriots, as Gide to his, a certain pride in their cultural heritage. The motive is admirable, yet one wishes that Mr. Brooks had a better opinion of the strength of the American mind. For the past that he gives us with so much scholarly assiduity for fine detail, with so much urbanity of style, is a past that is all too bland for belief, a past without difficulty, conflict, ultimately without reality — a past for our operetta moments.

It is significant that Mr. Brooks, writing of the period 1800–1840, should mention Alexis de Tocqueville but once, and only in a footnote, to disagree with his estimate of American literature. Yet Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, now handsomely republished, was perhaps the greatest cultural event of the period Mr. Brooks treats. Tocqueville, one of the finest minds of the nineteenth century, was a democrat in heart and head. Yet he was confirmed in the European culture of the past, whose glories were, of course, aristocratic. A mind so truly ambivalent often makes the best of critics, and Tocqueville was further equipped with a superb power of generalization. He saw with a passion of intellect and feeling the elements of desire, habit and circumstance that were combining to shape the American mind and destiny. Sometimes Tocqueville's energy of generalization carries him away, although more often he is brilliantly accurate, as in the famous enumeration of the characteristics of the future poet of democracy, a precise account of Whitman before *Leaves of Grass* had been conceived.

The second of Tocqueville's two volumes is devoted to the culture of America, and few men have seen with so much generosity and delicacy of mind the relation of art and society, understanding in what way art responds to the demands of practical life. And few men have so understood the nature of democracy, paying it the high, free compliment of supposing that it is not a mere piety, but a restless, changing, organic thing, likely to produce contradictions and even dangers.

What Tocqueville understood so well, the relation of art to need and wish, Henri Peyre seems not to understand at all. Throughout

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this essay I have been raising objections to certain extreme or oversimple statements about the relation of the writer to politics and belief. Yet here is one of the most ambitious critical works of the year running its head sadly into a sack exactly because it avoids seeing how deeply related to belief art necessarily is. Professor Peyre's *Writers and their Critics* undertakes to demonstrate the continuous failure of criticism to respond to the new and strange. It is a lively book, almost too lively; and its author has the virtue — I suppose especially to be praised in an academic person — of being partisan to what is modern and new in the arts. It is also an enormously learned book — Mr. Peyre's lists of critical failures cover many arts, many periods, many nations, many critics. Yet it is not at all clear that they make quite the indictment of criticism that Mr. Peyre supposes them to be.

One might, I suppose, begin the disagreement with Mr. Peyre on the ground of his unfounded (and ungenerous) diagnostic statement that critics go wrong in their judgment because they are jealous of the creative spirits they write about. One might point out that a large proportion of the very greatest critics were themselves creative writers; but the view on the face of it is invalid, best set down to Mr. Peyre's excess of liveliness. The error of the book is far more general than this and it arises from Mr. Peyre's assumption that literature is a kind of commodity, very valuable, its value perfectly objective, available to judgment like the value of cattle at a fair. Dr. Johnson was wrong to give Milton the red and not the blue ribbon.

I do not agree with Johnson on Milton; I join Mr. Peyre in admiring Milton. But I am sure that Johnson's feeling about literature was better than Mr. Peyre's. It has always been a pose of academic people to hold up shocked hands at the early reception of poets. And no doubt the contemporary critics of, say, the Romantic poets, were neither sufficiently gifted nor genial. But perhaps our professorial shock springs from our professorial belief that Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats are harmless — which they are not. Their first critics were right at least in assuming that their poems were packed with dynamite, a threat to the existing order of religion and politics. So too with Johnson on Milton. For Johnson, Milton was a living and threatening fact, poetically, religiously, politically dangerous. I, for one, honor him for speaking of Milton with asperity and even contempt at the same time that he grudgingly admits Milton's genius. Johnson despised "Lycidas"; I think "Lycidas" the greatest short poem in English. But I read Johnson with instruction (and affection) because in attacking "Lycidas" he lays out with perfect honesty the whole system of values by which he forms his judgment.

Again, Professor Peyre speaks of the early unkind things that were said of Charlotte Brontë and Theodore Dreiser. What he fails to realize is that often it is by speaking unkindly of an author that one pays him the compliment of taking seriously and personally the things he says. We can admire the energy of genius in Charlotte Brontë or Dreiser and dislike the quality of their emotions and ideas and their tones of voice. Mr. Peyre scolds the colleges for their bad teaching of literature; he is right to do so, but I can hardly think we will teach literature better if we canonize a fine big indiscriminate Pantheon of the New. An English academic critic, H. W. Garrod, remarks that a good new poet throws a stone through our window. At least for modern literature, a literature of violent assault, the metaphor is an apt one. The proper procedure is to rush out after our assailant. If he is of the angelic persuasion, we ought to wrestle with him until he blesses us; if he is not, we have the right and the power to kick him off the premises as a trespasser. But at least let us not look at the thrown rock and the shattered glass and say, "How clever and charming and good of him to send us flowers." It is one of our academic tricks to make believe that rocks are flowers, worthy of the closest botanical understanding.

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OUR READERS COMMENT

Two Chinas

To the Editor: The article, "Chinese Problems and American Opinion," in your Summer issue is extremely interesting. Meribeth E. Cameron has stressed the one essential fact about China which the American public must grasp before the situation there can be understood: that "war is only a recent phase of . . . a revolution which began long before the struggle with Japan and which will continue after the war is over." She points out that "Any American policy which assumes that China will be politically incompetent . . . is conceived in error, and will lead to trouble."

In this connection, it is almost impossible now to talk about "China" as one entity. There are two Chinas — so distinct from each other geographically and politically as to constitute different historical periods of development. Of course, it is only a question of time before the development in the two areas is leveled out — with or without a civil war. For Kuomintang China, American pessimism seems to be justified; this government has never been so weak and incompetent as today. However, it is equally true that the progressive forces generally have never been so strong and well organized, though their activity is concentrated in the areas under the Communists. I recently talked with Tung Pi-wu, Communist member of the Chinese delegation at the San Francisco Conference, and was much struck by his aplomb and optimism. The irrefutable proof of Miss Cameron's thesis that China is "on the upgrade toward a new type of organized life," seems to me to be in these areas. Tung Pi-wu told me that during the past six months the regular troops of the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies have increased from 570,000 to 910,000, and that all recruitments are entirely voluntary. The voluntary militia now numbers 2,200,000 members. He claims that a population of 94,000,000 has been liberated from enemy occupation in the past seven years, or 36.6% of the population formerly under the Japanese, including Manchuria. In addition, the Communist areas include the original Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia base of 1,500,000 population, which has never been penetrated by the Japanese. Tung Pi-wu indicated that during 1941 and 1942 the situation in Communist areas was very critical — the Japanese recovered half the areas lost to the guerrillas. However, since early 1943 rapid strides have been made in all directions in these regions.

The Communists have had no difficulty in instituting democracy in their areas under wartime conditions — in fact it is this new stake in victory which stimulates the people to resistance. Tung Pi-wu told me there are 707 popularly elected county governments, grouped under 19 administrative areas. These function autonomously — though it has recently been reported in the press that a central conference of all areas would be held. "Our governments depend entirely on the goodwill and support of the people," Tung Pi-wu told me emphatically. "These are real people's democratic governments." He also explained that "The basic character of the economy in our areas is capitalism of a new democratic type. It recognizes private ownership but is also guided along cooperative lines and into channels of public ownership when desirable. In a word, any economic method is permissible in our areas so long as it increases production to aid the war effort or betters the livelihood of the people."

I think the question will soon be clearly defined not in terms of optimism or pessimism about Chinese capabilities, but as to whether or not we Americans should intervene indirectly or directly against this new revolutionary force rising in all former areas of Japanese occupation — much as it has in Europe. This is an inevitable result of the war and the momentum of past tendencies toward progress. If we intervene indirectly against it, as we did in the case of the Manchu dynasty, of Yuan Shih-k'ai, and of Chiang Kai-shek in 1927, this foreign interference will prolong the struggle for power. Of course, we call support of the *status quo*, against change, "non-intervention." Thus we arm Chiang Kai-shek's troops today, knowing that he has every intention of using these arms for internal purposes, and expect the Communists to accept the theory of "non-intervention."

Progress in China moves in ups and downs and zigzags. A low was reached in 1935, then a high in 1938 during the war with Japan. The situation began to deteriorate rapidly in 1939, and continued to do so until the end of 1942. Since then deterioration has continued under the Kuomintang, but in the Communist areas a new rise, which began in 1943, is proceeding rapidly. Of course, the Japanese are evacuating large areas in China and the underlying internal conflict is for future control of the present Japanese-occupied areas, including Manchuria. Thus the crisis comes nearer as Japanese evacuation increases. The Communists suggest a coalition government which

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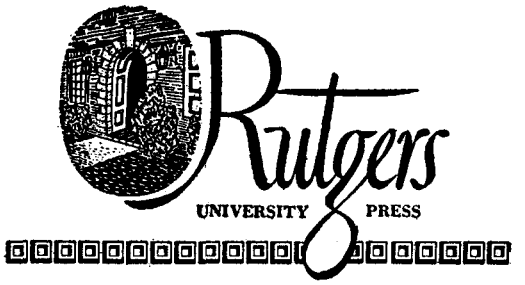
can administer all areas in China and prevent a civil war; the Kuomintang, however, is thus far adamant against such a coalition and is stalling for time, hoping for American intervention to preserve its tottering structure.

NYM WALES (MRS. EDGAR SNOW)
Madison, Connecticut.

A Time-Philosopher Answers Mr. Huxley

To the Editor: I feel grateful to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR for making available the article in the Summer issue on "Eternity and Time" by Aldous Huxley, though I confessedly feel no special gratitude towards Mr. Huxley for writing it. Maybe one should. It serves to remind us that dead ideas do not always stay buried, just as dead men in some Arabian stories are not easily kept in their graves. I had somehow forgotten about the "timeless Now of the divine Spirit" and perhaps blushed a little at seeing it in something so ephemeral as a quarterly magazine. I had even forgotten that there was such a thing as the "Perennial Philosophy." I seek a peace men may enjoy and comprehend, not "the peace that passes all understanding." And to this day I have trouble understanding what is meant by "the liberation into eternity." More seriously, I welcome philosophical controversy and think well of bringing out into the open, or reviving in this case, the old conflict between what Mr. Huxley so blithely calls "eternity-philosophers" and "time-philosophers." As one of those who knows no other world than a temporal one, and hence no good not to be found in it, I most profoundly disagree with his premises and conclusions.

Since Mr. Huxley's essay presents the case for Eternity versus Time in terms of the political theory and practice that accompany the one and the other, it is necessary to accept or reject his thesis in terms both of his philosophical presuppositions and his social-political deductions therefrom. And since he presents neither arguments nor factual evidence for one or the other, there is no course but to counter with blanket disagreements. To put logical first things first, Huxley assumes without argument the existence of God and his timeless Now. The least that can be said of this is that it has been doubted and denied for some 2,500 years. He even assumes (p. 294) that from Hobbes onward philosophers may have questioned God's eternal Now but not the concept of God itself. He takes for granted that everyone accepts the anecdotes collected by the Society for Psychi-



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cal Research and the Rhine experiments at Duke University on so-called "extra-sensory perception." He assumes equally that man is a composite being of body and spirit and that the body lives in one of his accepted dual worlds and the spirit in the other. This leads him to the conclusion that man's true existence as man, and not as an animal, is lived in the realm of the timeless and eternal. It is rare, if not refreshing, to find such assumptions taken for granted in other than avowedly theological circles.

What is the social-political philosophy and ethics Huxley derives from his mystical position as opposed to that of the "time-philosophers"? The heart of his argument is that: "From the records of history it seems to be clear that the theologies and philosophies which take time too seriously are correlated with political theories that inculcate and justify the use of large-scale violence" (p. 300). Contrariwise, the least violent and most humane politics have been the products of those views "least preoccupied with events in time" (p. 301). But the cards are hopelessly stacked before the game begins. Those not concerned with events in time could not have any politics, for the social-political life of men is lived in time, while those only slightly concerned with time would only be slightly interested in any action — violent or non-violent, humane or non-humane. Would it be irrelevant to point out to Mr. Huxley that those preoccupied with eternity and oblivious to time are only able to be so through eating and drinking, having clothing and shelter, and that men must labor (in time) that they might have these prerequisites of the good life, or of any life. And might it not be possible that such men, if they were strong enough, would make certain by one means or another that other men did labor in order that they might continue their enjoyment of the "kingdom of heaven within." Men today of the democratic world and the colonial countries are struggling and fighting to have a little more peace and security, to have sufficient bread and meat and milk to live like men, to have greater mastery of their own destinies, to be the makers of their own history. Huxley offers them *Nirvana:* "mortification not only of the appetites, the feelings and the will, but also of consciousness itself and of that which makes our consciousness the thing it is — our personal memory and our inherited habit-energies" (p. 297). If that is all one wants one can easily be a pacifist, but such is not the life of man, but of creatures super-human or sub-human.

But what of immediate import, of immediate practical concern, is Huxley saying? (The asking of the question is of course an impertinence since it

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implies acceptance of the Time-philosophy. It is a matter of record, however, that Mr. Aldous Huxley wrote the particular piece in question on a certain day and hour and for publication in a periodical appearing in June 1945, while his country and ours were engaged in a titanic struggle to defeat the remainder of the fascist axis.) First, he attacks Protestantism (p. 300) and Europe in the past four centuries (p. 301). True, he condemns "a certain ecclesiastico-politico-financial organization" (p. 302) but the implication is that the world went to the dogs when it emerged from the feudal middle ages and will remain in the doghouse until it returns to feudalism. Second, the pacifist conclusion suggested above seems inescapable — namely that both sides are equally wrong in the present world conflict and that if Americans and Britons understood the true philosophy of eternity they would at once lay down their arms (perhaps to let the Soviet Union fight it out alone). Nothing temporal is worth fighting for, is worth being, in fact, and since the Nazis and Bolshevists especially exemplify the temporal philosophy, why not let them destroy each other. Third, in spite of his last three sentences which condemn Nazism, though only on grounds of its persecution of the Jews, Huxley makes it clear that it is radicals, left-wingers, "Jacobins and Bolsheviks" who are the enemies of mankind, because they "are ready to sacrifice millions of lives for the sake of a political and economic future gorgeously unlike the present" (p. 300). Is this not a slander against an Ally who "sacrificed" probably ten million Nazi lives that we all might live? Do "Bolsheviks" seek large-scale violence as Huxley suggests? Was this the case in Spain? Is this the issue in China, Greece, or anywhere else? No! Huxley is not simply attacking "Bolsheviks." If I understand his essay he is attacking his own country, ours, and the whole United Nations. He is attacking Roosevelt and Wallace, every dream of a better world, a higher standard of living, enough to eat for all. He is, from his comfortable "eternity" standpoint, belittling and negating every possible effort to achieve housing and working conditions, recreation and cultural pursuits, every concrete condition that would make man's life as it has to be lived on this earth more worthy of man, that would fulfill all that was real and valid in the dreams and aspirations of the world's sages and prophets. But all these things, of course, he can blithely dismiss as the crass worship of nature and history of the "Time-philosophy."

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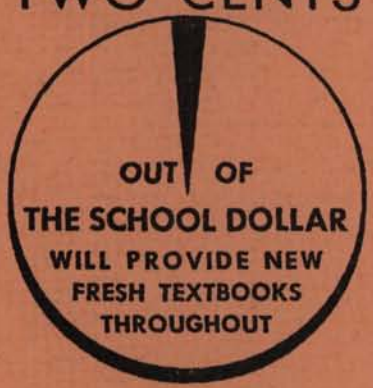

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